

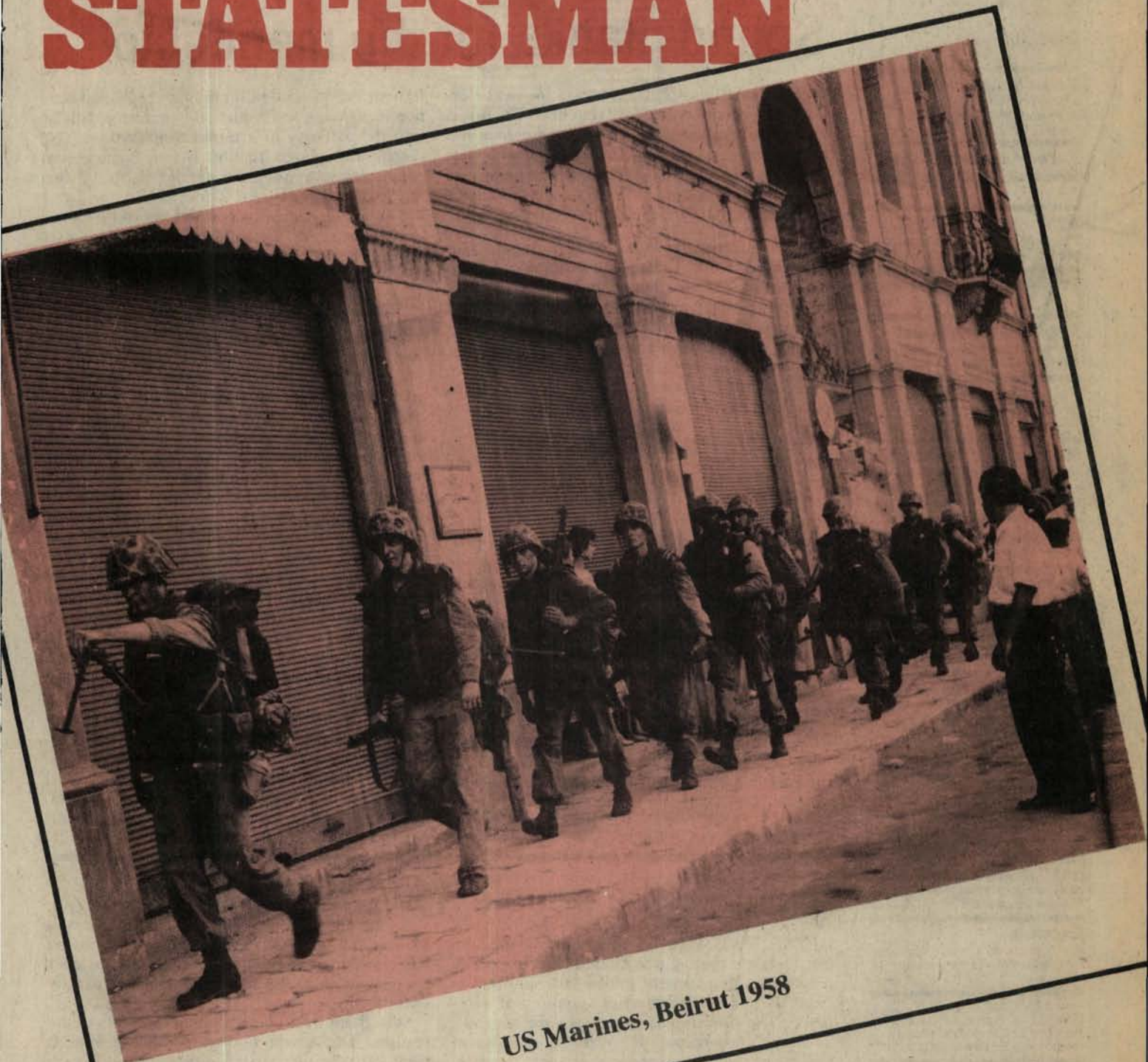
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IF THE LABOUR Party is to win the next election, two sorts of politics are required. The first is a sustained and coherent assault on the doctrines and performance of the Tory government. The second is an equally sustained and coherent presentation of a programme for a future Labour government that carries electoral conviction.

On the destructive side, the task ought to be easy enough. For Thatcherite economic and industrial policies have demonstrably failed in their own terms. The monetarism and 'supply side' economics which Mrs Thatcher crudely tried to impose on the British economy are intellectually bankrupt. The Prime Minister and Sir Geoffrey Howe no longer have an economic and industrial policy and show no sign of trying to find one.

Even this destructive job could be tackled by the Labour Party with greater flair. But at least the Tory record in this field speaks eloquently enough for itself. To win elections, however, oppositions also need to present a credible programme of their own. Deciding on such a programme is not the same thing as pumping out policy papers. No-one can complain about the volume of policy and discussion documents pouring out of the Labour Party, the TUC or their joint liaison committee. The very volume in fact makes the confusion about what a Labour government would in fact do even worse confounded. It is essential that the Labour leadership now collects from this mass items to which it will give priority and that broad policy lines on them should be adopted by Conference, the Parliamentary Party and the TUC.

This week two important policy documents emerged formally in public. One was the TUC-

Labour Party Liaison Committee's report on economic planning and industrial democracy. It falls into the category of a useful contribution. The second was a paper from Mr Benn's home policy committee, proposing the nationalisation of the 'big four' clearing banks. It does not.

The first document is not perfect. But it raises in a serious way the difficult issues which will have to be tackled: how can effective planning replace reliance on free market economics that have failed; how can company decision taking and government planning be dovetailed; how can industrial democracy be made real; how can managements be made accountable in a genuine way for their actions; how can the aim of more planning centrally and the aim of more democratic practices locally be reconciled; how can investment in jobs be achieved and how can sectors for development be identified? These are real questions to which a future Labour government will have to find real answers.

The contrast with the call to nationalise all clearing banks is complete. It is electorally unconvincing, because it will not happen. It does not even pose, let alone try to answer, the questions of how nationalisation of the banks would contribute to a solution of actual economic and industrial problems, any more than in France. It does not face the problem of what a Labour government would do if the workers in the banks and the principal unions representing them were opposed to nationalisation. It is significant that Mr Doug Hoyle, often thought of as a Bennite but also a member of ASTMS, voted in the minority against the nationalisation policy. He must know that, if Labour is to have a chance of recovery, the time for political posturing is gone.

It's up to the people now

AFTER FIVE WEEKS of public debate and private horse trading, the United Nations special session on disarmament ended last Saturday in New York without achieving anything of substance. The final report expressing the session's 'profound preoccupation' with the dangers of nuclear war simply covered the fact that the delegates had failed to turn that profound concern into any form of real action.

Looking back realistically, it was too much to expect anything very different - at least at the formal level. With the current level of mistrust between the Soviet Union and the United States, with a high proportion of Third World governments represented by (more or less dictatorial) military regimes, and with the vested interests of

the international arms dealing industry enjoying a five-fold increase in business in real terms over the last decade, the prognosis was not exactly encouraging.

Still, there were some positive elements to the session. The Soviet Foreign Minister's speech went virtually unreported in this country. But on nuclear weapons, Mr Gromyko unilaterally committed the Soviet Union to the doctrine of 'no first use' without demanding any comparable linked concession from NATO. And, on control of chemical weapons, he offered a new draft treaty providing for 'on site' inspection.

And then there was that demonstration in New York on 12 June. It was quite simply a unique American political event, with up to 500,000 people joining together to demand an end to the nuclear arms race. The moral of the demonstration is clear. Governments, with their armed forces and their arms lobbies, will not spontaneously embrace disarmament. They will only do so under pressure from their people through a world disarmament campaign.

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Defendants languish in queue for courts

OVER 5,000 people are waiting Crown Court trial in this country, over a thousand of them behind bars. Official figures suggest that the national average for delay before trial is 15.2 weeks, for both bail and custodial cases. In London the average waiting period before trial is now running at no less than 25.1 weeks, compared with the lowest provincial circuit delay of 8.6 weeks in the North East. The delay is generally less for custodial cases, with a London average of 14.6 weeks – though that is still a long time for those who are acquitted after the trial.

Last week, however, Granada Television's *Tree of Liberty* programme revealed that these figures, issued by the Lord Chancellor's department and the Home Office, present a wholly misleading and incomplete picture of the true length of waiting time before trial. Official statistics only measure the length of time from committal proceedings to the first day of trial, ignoring the time between arrest or charge and committal. This can add greatly to the overall waiting time for the accused, but is not recognised officially.

Granada carried out a spot survey one day last week at the Old Bailey – blackspot of the criminal justice traffic jam. Covering 23 courts and 67 defendants on a typical Monday, it showed a staggering average delay of 11.5 months between charge and trial, with some cases having waited up to two years before coming to court.

How to cut trial queues is a main headache for law reformers. These present delays mean high extra costs, increased unreliability of evidence, as well as anxiety for the defendants and pressure to opt for summary magistrate trial for some offences. Proposed solutions range from restricting the length of time barristers may speak (and the numbers acting in any one case) to courts sitting longer hours and at weekends. One answer might be that put forward by Lord Hutchinson in the recent Lords debate on the Criminal Justice Bill. He advocated adopting the Scottish system whereby indictable cases must be brought to court within 110 days from the time of committal into custody. His proposal was defeated by seven votes.

Nick Fox on low-level pressure

Low fliers buzz CND

A PILOT WORKING for a right-wing anti-CND organisation who towed propaganda banners over two recent CND demonstrations is to be questioned by the Civil Aviation Authority after many accusations of illegal and dangerous low flying. Because of the possible danger to crowds, aviation regulations require low-flying light aircraft to stay at least a nautical mile away. But for 45 minutes during CND's recent Glastonbury festival the plane appeared to fly directly over the crowd at low level, towing a banner reading 'Help the Soviets, Support CND'.

Inside the aircraft were pilot Brian Bateson, a Lancashire-based flying instructor, and roller skate merchant Francis Leonard Holihan, who runs a 'Coalition for Peace through Security' with two young conservatives.

At both demonstrations – the other was at Menwith Hill, Yorkshire, on 4 July – eyewitnesses saw the plane fly repeatedly at low level across the crowds, its engine noise at times drowning out speeches and music from the stage. Demonstrations of this kind have been the hallmark of the right-wing lobby group, which has been trying to hand out 'cold war' style leaflets during nuclear disarmament marches. Their tactics – which include the 'targetting' and harassment of unsympathetic MPs to disrupt their electoral support – are modelled on those of the 'New Right' in the United States (NS 12 March).

The pilot, Mr Bateson, has previously been investigated about low flying, when he flew a banner over the Blackpool seafront during the 1981 Conservative Party Conference. The CAA investigation will focus on the political slogan the aircraft carried (only product advertising is permitted) and the danger of low flying over a large crowd. If convicted, a pilot may be fined and lose his flying licence.

HELP THE SOVIETS! SUPPORT CND

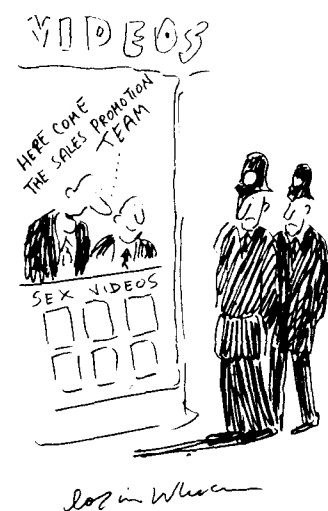
Kathy O'Shaughnessy on the video boom

Licence not censorship: video comes of age

ON 9 JULY the Cinematography Bill, sponsored by Peter Lloyd, MP, passed the House of Lords. All 'cinemas' operating for private gain (including clubs, bars, pubs, hotels) will in future require a licence in order to show film or video. This is the first law that properly acknowledges the existence of video. It comes at a very fluid time.

There is no current censorship for video. The British Videogram Association have asked the Board of Film Censors to set up a committee to classify them. The most 'extreme' ones will not get a classification, but will not be prohibited. The same standards would apply to video as to film. But while most licensed cinemas may only show those films certificated by the Board of Film Censors, in the private home uncertificated videos can still be shown.

No one is forecasting how many dealers and distributors will only stock videos that get classified. The British Videogram Association stresses that the system of classification is not intended to be censorship. Producers are 'invited' to submit their videos, and those returned 'unclassified' can still be



sold, but will risk prosecution under the Obscene Publications Act. However, James Ferman of the Board of Film Censors thinks that in a couple of years even those dealers independent of the BVA will stock only graded videos: the thriving video industry wants to be 'respectable'.

Though Peter Lloyd's bill will

only affect directly the small minority of videos not watched at home, it is likely in practice to put pressure on the industry to conform to the standards of classification.

The law is not yet adjusted to the age of the video boom, in other ways too. Last month John Grant, MP for Islington Central, raised the matter of 'horror' videos in the House of Commons. He was told that no change in legislation was being considered by the government, but that the issue was being 'closely watched'. The controversy about these 'nasty' videos, has also brought the absence of all control over videos to public attention. An estimated 42% of the video market is devoted to horror, 30% to 'nasties'. They are sold and rented in most video shops, costing only £2 for up to 4 nights viewing. Astra, Vipco and Go Video are the main distributors. Recent publicity has brought the police to their door, but business has boomed; often helped by adverse publicity.

The committee that will grade videos (including Anthony Storr, Monica Sims, and Lady Plowden amongst others) will have a difficult time. An estimated 50 new video titles appear every week. And video content can be altered very easily (there are several video editions of *Deep Throat*, for example). Unclassified videos are going to cause major problems for the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Andrew Curry reports

Sweet reward in City deal

LAST WEEK, in the offices of a merchant bank in the City, the control of a major public company, British Sugar, changed hands as a result of a private deal done between two company chairmen. Mr Peter Reynolds, of the bakery group Ranks Hovis MacDougall, agreed to sell its 10.5 per cent stake in British Sugar to Mr 'Marg' Margulies of the commodity dealers Berisfords, thereby giving Berisfords effective control of the sugar company.

For Berisfords it was the end of a persistent 26-month campaign to take over British Sugar. RHM, for its part, has picked up a tidy profit.

It may seem odd that a company which employs 3,000 people and is Britain's major sugar beet refiner, with half the white sugar market in this country (producing the 'Silver Spoon' brand) should change hands in this way. But Berisfords have broken no rules.

The take-over itself has already been approved in principle by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, and provisionally by the EEC Commission. Last week's deal with Ranks Hovis MacDou-

gall still has to be approved by Berisfords' shareholders (described as 'a formality') while the Director General of the Takeover Panel, the self-regulatory body set up to police take-over activity, says, 'It's always been perfectly alright for one company to buy shares from another'.

Berisfords has observed scrupulously Takeover Panel rule requirements such as the 12-month hiatus following an unsuccessful bid. (It was just such an unsuccessful bid which lapsed at the end of June 1981 which left Berisfords with 40% of British Sugar's shares.)

Not that British Sugar deserves too much sympathy. The verdict of City analysts was that the company had been too clever for its own good. British Sugar itself bought a 14.7 per cent stake in RHM last November in a so-called 'dawn raid' as a preliminary to making a full bid.

Its idea is that, after such a takeover, it would be impossible for Berisfords to afford to buy British Sugar.

RHM retaliated in kind; a dawn raid by way of a warning shot in which they picked up the stake in British Sugar that they sold to Berisfords last week. RHM had spent £24m on that stake, buying 6.3 million shares at 385p a time. It sold out at 470p, made a profit of more than £5m, and picked up a shareholder's dividend along the way. As one City analyst put it, 'It must be one of the best investments that Ranks has ever made.'

RHM must have been open to offers. It's involved in a price cutting war with its main competitor, Associated British Foods, and is investing heavily in new equipment. Berisfords immediately announced that it would sell British Sugar's stake in Ranks to City institutions (like pension funds and insurance companies). This reduced the possibility of a bid for RHM.

British Sugar's two main unions, the Transport and General and the General and Municipal, are philosophical about the change of ownership. 'We've had a fairly bad run with British Sugar in recent years, with closures which we thought weren't necessary,' said Bob Harrison, the T&G's National Officer for the Food and Tobacco Industries. 'We're not in a position to influence the change of ownership, so we'll have to maintain our interests regardless of the outcome'.

His counterpart at the G&M, Bobby Smith, took a similar view. 'Unless we're involved in full consultation, we're not taking sides,' he said, 'and otherwise it doesn't matter whether it's British Sugar or Berisfords which is sitting in the chair'. Berisfords has apparently agreed to maintain the existing union agreements. □

Ceri Jones reports on child care test

Available for work or not?

PLANS TO QUIZ dole claimants about their child care arrangements, with a view to weeding out those not available for work, came under attack this week when Welsh Women's Aid, the organisation set up to help battered women in Wales, published its report from Cardiff, Ebbw Vale and Leeds, where the Department of Employment has been piloting its new 'Availability Test'. This test was introduced following the Rayner Report, apparently as a means of making the payment of benefit more efficient.

The study was funded by the Equal Opportunities Commission, which has voiced fears that 'Availability Testing is plainly likely to be discriminatory'. Questions about child care are being put to men as well as women, but since women usually carry the responsibility for children, they are most likely to be adversely affected. (Married and cohabiting women are especially vulnerable because they cannot claim supplementary benefit if they fail the test for the dole.)

One hundred men and women in the three pilot areas were surveyed and it was found that the vast majority were 'desperate for work'; people who signed on were not unavailable to take up jobs if they were offered.

Two civil service unions, the CPSA and the SCPS, have protested at the introduction of the new test, picketing and leaflet-

ting offices where the pilot schemes have been carried out. Liz Edge, a full-time official with the CPSA, revealed this week that the Department of Employment had admitted in talks with her that 'child care problems would be responsible for the largest number of cases of disallowed benefit.'

An unexpected last-minute hitch occurred over the publication of Welsh Women's Aid report. The report carried a preface by Joan Lestor MP, who holds a special Women's Rights brief for the Labour Party, and this was regarded by the EOC as a token of undue political partisanship. Its chairwoman, Baroness Lockwood, wrote a special letter of apology to Home Secretary William Whitelaw and at this week's press conference to launch the report, Dipak Nandy, Deputy Chief Executive of the EOC, took care to distance the Commission from the report's findings. Welsh Women's Aid pointed out that none of the other major political parties had an equivalent women's rights representative. □

Available for Work? 60p plus p. & p. from Welsh Women's Aid, Adam Street, Cardiff, CF1 2TY.

Joan Lestor: women's partisan?



Joanna Rollo on new rubbish contracts

Grand Met to top of heap

WANDSWORTH'S TORY-controlled council this week awarded Grand Met Services the contract to collect the London borough's rubbish. Grand Met, who also collect rubbish in Kensington and Chelsea, put in the lowest bid of the 14 firms who tendered. All Wandsworth's cleansing services are now in private hands. Pritchard Industrial Services, one of the unsuccessful tenderers, already have a £4,250,000 contract to sweep Wandsworth's streets for five years.

On the Thursday before Wandsworth Council plumped for Grand Met, Environment Secretary Michael Heseltine visited Southend, in Essex, the first town in the country to go private for its refuse collection. Since April 1981, Exclusive Cleaning has swept the streets, collected domestic and trade rubbish, maintained the toilets and gritted the roads in

this resort town, claiming to save the council £500,000 a year in the process.

These savings have been hotly disputed. Earlier this year West Lindsey District Council published a report by its Borough Engineer. He had costed the Southend contract and could only find revenue savings of £45,000 — without taking any capital losses into account.

During his visit Mr Heseltine met Exclusive management and dustmen. On Anglia Television that night he praised the Southend system. He said that the government might consider legislation under the Land and Planning Bill to force other councils to follow suit.

Southend detectives have spent the last few months investigating allegation of fraud and misconduct by former council dustmen and staff. The allegations were made on BBC *Nationwide* on 15 February and tapes of the programme have been supplied to Southend CID. But dustmen who appeared on the programme say that they were tricked and misrepresented. Their complaints are being investigated by the Broadcasting Complaints Commission. □

John Salmon tells of plight of Pakistani

Un-married by Home Office

A PAKISTANI LIVING in Bradford, Yorkshire, is threatened with deportation because the Home Office claims that his marriage was not 'genuine' when he got his permission to stay in Britain in 1979. This is in spite of the fact that his wife had a baby in 1981 and that no-one is suggesting that his was a marriage of convenience.

Mr. Aboobaker Mundiya, of Ryan Street, was suddenly put in prison more than a month before being released as suddenly and without explanation. On a visit to Britain in May 1978, he had married his cousin Yasmin Mundiya.

She was legally settled in Britain and Mr. Mundiya, following the normal procedure at the time, was given permission to stay in Britain for a year. On the basis of marriage, his permission was apparently made permanent in June 1979. The Home Office now says, though, that the permanent permission was obtained by deception, because Mr. Mundiya did not admit that he was not living in his wife's house at the time. This 'deception', it says, nullifies the permission.

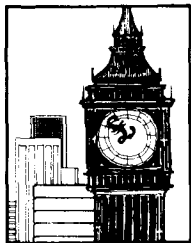
In fact, Mr. Mundiya was living only a few doors away from his wife in a house owned by his father-in-law. His wife stayed with him until late at night. Even the Home Office is not disputing that they were having sex. Mr. Mundiya says he did not mention where he was living, because he did not think it was relevant.

Though, legally, the only relevant point is the condition of Mr. Mundiya's marriage in 1979, the fact that it broke up last year has not helped. His estranged in-laws, with whom Mr. Mundiya is involved in a battle for custody of his ten month-old daughter Maherjabeen, have been in regular contact with an immigration officer.

His difficulties arise under a regulation introduced by the Labour Government in 1977 to stop marriages of convenience. The Home Office claims that his marriage did not 'subsist' — whatever that means — in 1979.

Mr. Mundiya is also the victim of further straining of the English language for he has been categorised as an 'illegal entrant'. If he had been called instead an 'overstayer', he would have had a right to appeal to a Home Office-appointed adjudicator.

But no-one is claiming that his original entry to Britain was illegal. In 1981, though, he went for a short holiday. On his return, the Home Office in effect claims that he should have said to an immigration officer, 'I think you ought to know I was not living in the same house as my wife in 1979.' Because he did not, his entry then was illegal. □



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Mr Foot stakes out his battleground

IT IS A GOLDEN rule on the left never to believe any assessment that the right-wing tabloid press makes about the Labour Party. The abuse, the distortion, the personalisation of serious issues: we all know that the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express* and *Sun* cannot be trusted to report the party with any real commitment to fairness or objectivity. When any Labour politician, especially a left-wing one, is reviled by one of the tabloids, the chances are that he or she has done something to be applauded.

That does not mean the right-wing papers are always wrong. Some statements are true, as George Orwell once said, even if they appear in the *Daily Telegraph*. The proper first instinct of any socialist, however, should be to contemplate anything the tabloids say with the care of a marine approaching a landmine: don't embrace it, or it could blow up in your face.

Such caution applies especially when the papers seem to provide someone with encouraging news. On Tuesday, for example, reports appeared of the latest battles inside Labour's Home Policy and Organisation committees. Below headlines which were well down to their normal standards ('Lefties put skids under loser Foot' - *Sun*; 'Labour opens door for extremist' - *Mail*) the stories themselves could only give cheer to the left, which was deemed to have delivered a severe blow to Michael Foot.

Left-wingers would, of course, spurn the lurid language in which the stories were written. But what about the underlying message? Could there be a bizarre coincidence of interest between left-wing activists and right-wing journalists in exaggerating the strength and successes of the left inside the party - the activists to reinforce their hopes, the journalists to reinforce their paranoia? Could it be, in fact, that both are concealing - mainly from themselves - a different truth: that the tactical advantage has now tilted decisively away from the far Left, and back to Mr Foot?

THE STRANGE saga of Peter Tatchell is easily disposed of. Mr Foot was always on weak ground in opposing Bermondsey's preferred candidate; but as long as the issue was presented to Labour's National Executive as one of confidence in the party leader, Mr Foot was able - just - to secure a majority for his position.

For Mr Foot the exercise had two objectives. One was to prevent the first by-election of 1982 from being a catastrophe for Labour; the other was to be seen 'doing something' about the far left. Both objectives were achieved. Bob Mellish

was persuaded by Mr Foot not to resign the seat for the time being; and Mr Foot's actions bought enough time to marshal his forces against the rather larger target of the Militant Tendency. Keeping Bermondsey at bay was never an elevated or principled strategy; and by shifting his position now, Mr Foot has denied his left-wing critics a field-day at this autumn's party conference.

In particular, the left can no longer combine the Tatchell and Militant issues into a general anti-witch-hunt campaign against the party leadership. Now, the left has a far tougher choice: whether to fight Mr Foot on his chosen ground - the need to construct defences against entryist groups such as Militant - or to cede that ground without a fight.

Many people on the left insist that the impending purge of Militant (and the left is correct to use the word 'purge': 'the ridding of objectionable or hostile elements' - Shorter OED) is only the beginning of a general programme of expulsions. The register of non-affiliated organisations will, they argue, be used to hound out many people who have nothing to do with Militant. Thus, according to Reg Race MP:

The real reason for creating a register is to intimidate, threaten and possibly expel the other organisations of the left - such as the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, which are the real 'threat' to the future domination of the Right.

From this argument flows Mr Race's conclusion:

What is needed now is a campaign to refuse to register, to refuse to implement expulsions, to say 'no' to the witch-hunt, and to win back the NEC for sanity and socialism.

The general idea is to persuade enough left-wing groups to boycott the register, and so wreck the NEC's strategy - rather as the refusal of trade unions to register under Edward Heath's Industrial Relations Act made a mockery of it.

Boycotting the register, however, may not prove that effective. For a start, the basic ingredients of the register - detailed information about each group - are no different from what most left-wing groups were willing to supply two years ago. In February 1980 the NEC decided to ask each group 'to make available details of their own organisation, membership and finance'. A number did so, including Militant. Some of the answers may not have been complete or wholly accurate; the point, though, is that the left positively welcomed the exercise. Here, for example, is part of a letter, dated May 6 1980 to Ron Hayward from Nigel Stanley, on behalf of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee:

I would like to stress how much the LCC approves of the approach the NEC is tak-

ing to the question of inner party pressure groups. Our last executive in fact passed a motion calling for such groups to be recognised by the party providing that their finances, activities and democratic structures are open to inspection by the National Executive and annual conference. We are therefore happy to oblige by letting you have the fullest information about the LCC.

The LCC has stuck to its line and has decided not to join the boycott campaign. Whether the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy will join the boycott will be discussed on Saturday, when the CLPD's executive meets at County Hall, London. Even if it does try to fight the register - and this is by no means certain - the party's new General Secretary, Jim Mortimer, has a trick or two up his sleeve.

MR MORTIMER has no intention of letting the CLPD, or any other 'legitimate' group, become a martyr for a bogus cause. One possibility is that the NEC will ignore a boycott and register groups such as CLPD anyway. The CLPD already supplies the party's headquarters with full details of its organisation, finances and so on, at regular intervals. It would cause no great difficulty for Mr Mortimer to advise the NEC that the CLPD has furnished information that satisfies him of its legitimacy, and to recommend registration.

If Mr Mortimer pursues this tactic, a mere boycott would prove ineffective. To warrant exclusion from the register, a group would have to be actively hostile to the NEC - by deliberately concealing, for example, information that it has made routinely available in the past.

Even then, martyrdom may not be achieved. There is no obligation on the NEC to expel the members of non-registered organisations. It could simply ignore them.

In any case, a boycott campaign will look fairly daft if Militant itself applies to join the register. Once again Mr Mortimer has a tactically strong hand, which he is playing with some confidence. When his predecessor, Ron Hayward, wrote to Militant last December as part of the NEC's inquiry, he addressed his letter to 'Mr P. Taffe, Editor, *The Militant*'. Mr Mortimer has addressed his letter, inviting an application to join the register, to: 'The Secretary, Militant Tendency'. Any reply that maintains that Militant is simply a newspaper, and not a full-scale political organisation, will receive short shrift.

Whatever Militant decides to do, short of admitting and recanting its sins, will prove unacceptable to the NEC. This autumn's party conference will be asked to ratify the register, and the NEC's refusal to accept Militant. The conference will back the NEC by a large majority. Militant Parliamentary candidates, like Pat Wall, will then be forced to leave Militant, or leave the Labour Party. The left's fears (or hopes?) of a wider witch-hunt will be dashed. And then, with a bit of luck, Mr Foot will have a chance to fight Labour's *real* enemies. □

A system without logic

New testimony suggests that the government is committing billions of pounds to a bad replacement for Polaris. PHILIP GEDDES reports

MR NOTT'S LAME Defence White Paper is sinking out of sight, under fire from left and right, as well as many in the Ministry of Defence. The real battle over defence policy in the next few months will centre on the future of this government's most sacred cow, the Trident missile project. The government has tried hard to keep Trident out of the current debate about the shape of the armed forces after the Falklands. It is failing.

So far a lot of heavyweight expert opinion has been marshalled in favour of the project. But recently the expert ranks have begun to split. Now one leading expert on nuclear weapons, the eminent American nuclear physicist Dr Richard Garwin, has denounced the Trident plan as 'unnecessary, useless and unrealistic'. Speaking at a private seminar on nuclear weapons held recently in London, Dr Garwin attacked the thinking behind the proposal to upgrade Britain's independent deterrent and called for more public debate.

Dr Garwin's views should be listened to. In 1949 he was the youngest physicist on the Los Alamos atomic bomb project. Since then he has served with distinction under five Presidents in various roles on the President's Science Advisory Committee. Until the Reagan Administration's recent decision to revive the B1 manned bomber project, it was Garwin's opposition to the scheme that won the day. Garwin's outspokenness is disliked by many in the US Administration, but, according to one highly placed defence source, he is 'almost never wrong' on the technical questions of defence.

Garwin questions the basic logic behind the apparent need to replace the Polaris force. The Trident lobby in and out of the Ministry of Defence – consisting of a small group of senior civil servants, British Shipbuilders (which will build the boats to take the missiles), some of the weapons and electronics contractors (who will provide the equipment) and the Navy's powerful Ship Department at Bath (who will design the boats) – has produced evidence to suggest that the current Polaris boats are ending their useful life.

According to this lobby, the hulls are now beginning to show signs of corrosion and metal fatigue after a couple of decades in service. Since the hulls must be replaced, so runs the argument, why not replace them with a more modern brand of weaponry at the same time? It is, says Garwin, a specious argument. After ex-

amining many of the US Navy's Polaris boats, Garwin does not see any signs of age. Advances in submarine technology and high standards of maintenance have meant that the hull life of Polaris boats is much longer than conventional submarines. It is even possible, he argues, to replace the Polaris missiles with the new Trident 1 missile if required – a decision which would cut the cost of a new system massively. Even that, he suggests, would probably be a waste of money.

But already the lobby has moved beyond that argument. The government has opted in principle for the Trident 2, or D5 system, as opposed to the cheaper Trident 1, on the grounds that we would otherwise be left with an obsolete system in a couple of decades. The much larger Trident 2 requires larger hulls and completely new equipment, thus providing the expected bonanza for the defence industry.

On cost grounds alone Garwin attacks the decision. Trident 2 is still in its experimental stage and is an untried system. No one knows what the final research and development bill will be, and estimates in the White Paper that Trident 2 will cost 'only' another £390 million must be treated with scepticism. It is one of the facts of defence life that no weapons system has come in since the war at much less than 100% over target budget. In the case of Trident that would mean an intolerable load on the MoD procurement budget.

Garwin's criticisms run deeper than that. He argues against committing scarce resources on such a scale to an untried system, when the balance of power between the submarine and submarine detection is so fluid and could change. At the

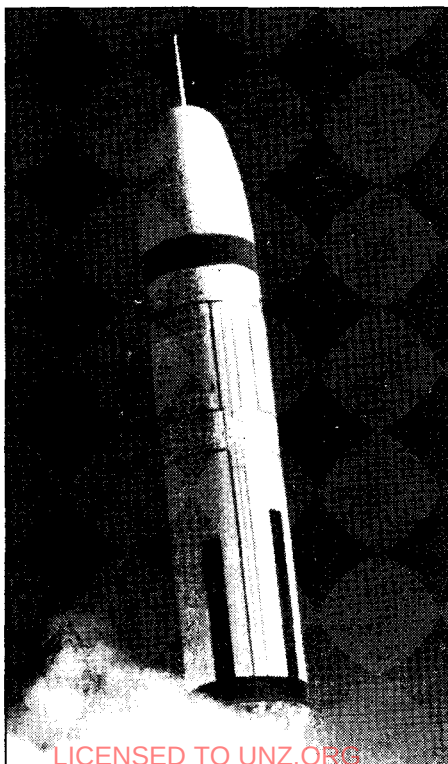
moment the balance lies decisively with the submarine. But Garwin points out that enhanced detection techniques are now being studied which could change all that. Heavy investment now in a system which could be redundant in ten years' time would be crazy.

GARWIN SUGGESTS that if the present British government wishes to retain an independent nuclear capability, it should opt for the improved version of the cruise missile now being developed. So far the cruise has been dogged by technical problems, notably with its guidance system. These should be eliminated shortly with the replacement of the TERCOM guidance system by one based on the US Navstar satellite. Cruise should then offer much more adequate operational possibilities at a fraction of the cost of Trident. It would also be less vulnerable. Garwin suggests that at a projected cost of US\$100,000 apiece, cruise offers a reasonably priced alternative which could be quite effective.

A decision against Trident would avoid a massive pre-emption of resources required for other programmes. Garwin approves of the MoD's current emphasis on hunter-killer submarines. But he points out that one of the gravest disadvantages of all nuclear powered submarines – including any new Trident boats – is noise. The circulation of water in the reactor cooling system of a nuclear-powered submarine will make them vulnerable in the future, Garwin believes, to improved detection systems. Alternative power systems are thus vital for any new generation of submarine and should be given priority in research.

With technical arguments of such authority against the Trident programme, it is clear that the battle is far from over. The Ministry of Defence itself is increasingly divided about its virtues. The ship losses in the Falklands, the equipment deficiencies still to be remedied in the Rhine Army, and the parlous state of British air defences all create expensive items on the services' shopping lists, which will be threatened by the Trident programme. The White Paper devoted many paragraphs to trying to convince its own side that Trident will not be an impossibly heavy burden on the overall defence procurement budget. But it is in fact clear that, if it goes ahead, Trident will become a classic example of budgetary crowding out. Whitehall knows that the current love affair with the armed services in the warm afterglow of the Falklands will not last for ever. Sooner or later the realities of ever-rising defence expenditure will have to be faced.

Britain's nuclear deterrent policy has been described as being 'bred by accident out of inertia'. The Trident decision is still regarded by Mrs Thatcher as central to her government's defence policy, an attempt to take positive action to bring to an end what she sees as the unpardonable inertia of her predecessors. But, as Dr Garwin says, the real battle over Trident may be just beginning – and it may take place in public, not behind the closed doors of Whitehall. That is after all where it belongs. □



Universal Pictorial Press

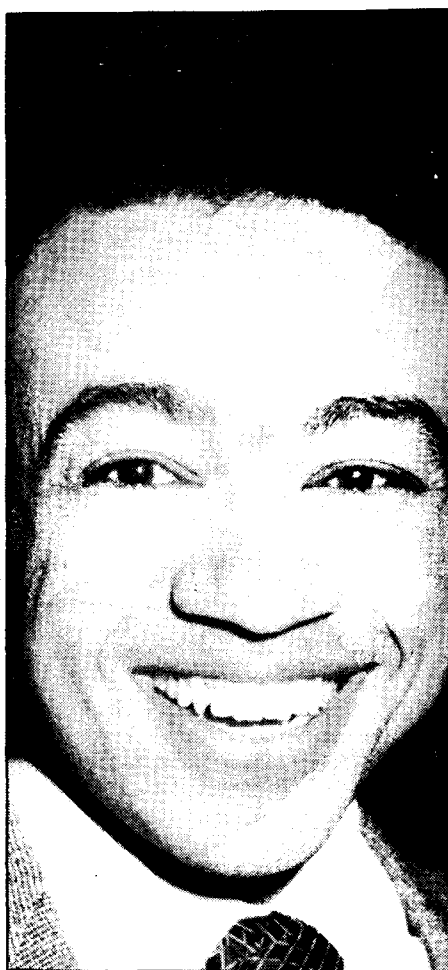
IT IS PROBABLY the Conservatives in County Hall more than any other group who have made Paul Boateng, selected this week as the parliamentary candidate for Hemel Hempstead, into a national figure. Last March they demanded his resignation as chairman of the GLC Police Committee after he had issued a press release criticising the Scarman report for failing to recognise the existence of 'institutional racism'. Since then, there has been an uneven war of press releases — perhaps an appropriate medium for the GLC's political conflicts which are more about winning public opinion than, as the Transport Committee found out, exercising real power to change things.

Such a sporadic war is fertile ground for the many myths which already festoon Mr Boateng. He has, charged the Conservatives, accused the Met of being 'riddled with racism' (the phrase, in fact, was a Fleet Street sub-editor's.) He has 'levelled savage personal attacks' on Sir Kenneth Newman, next Commissioner for the Metropolitan Police, announced Marion Roe, Conservative Spokeswoman on the police in a press release this week. (This is, apparently, a reference to Boateng's press release demanding to know whether Sir Kenneth had been correctly quoted as saying Jamaicans were constitutionally incapable of orderly behaviour.) As for Boateng's personal history, the *New Statesman* has been reliably informed that he is a West Indian who went to public school and thereafter to Cambridge University where he established the connections which make him acceptable to the right wing of the Labour Party.

This is the truth from the horse's mouth: Paul Boateng was born in Hackney, East London in 1951, the son of an English mother and Ghanaian father. His father returned to Ghana, later to serve as Minister of the Interior and Minister of Education in Nkrumah's government, taking his family with him. When Nkrumah was overthrown in February 1966, his father was imprisoned and the Boatengs were obliged to return to England. Paul went to the local grammar school in Hemel Hempstead, from where he went to Bristol University to study law, and then on the Law College.

His mother, a Labour Party activist, was the strongest political influence in his life and he unhesitatingly joined the Labour Party when he was 16. He worked for four years for Paddington Law Centre and then became a partner in the civil liberties law firm, Birnberg and Co, which is how he still earns his living. (GLC councillors get no salary.) He won the Hemel Hempstead nomination as a local boy and candidate of Labour's New Left. So distressed were some of the right-wing at his selection that they have already demanded an NEC inquiry into the selection procedure. If he wins the seat, which is a marginal constituency based on an industrial town in the commuter belt, he will be Britain's first black Member of Parliament.

Paul Boateng's blackness is thus an inseparable part of his political persona. Ironically, it is one of his least obvious physical characteristics in a country where all black people are assumed to be immigrants struggling along in the least privileged



PROFILE: Paul Boateng

Playing many roles

layer of the working class. Boateng, with his impeccable middle class accent and solicitor's suit, and a father who has held high Ministerial office, has little common experience with the black youth of Brixton or Notting Hill whom he defends.

He says that, so far, he has felt no contradiction between his many roles. He prevents schizophrenia, or accusations of bad faith, breaking out by making sure that what he says to Home Secretary William Whitelaw, to his fellow governors of Bramshill Police Training College, or the Waltham Forest Community Relations Commission is the same. And so far he has avoided being a controversial figure within the black community.

It has been assumed that because Boateng is black — he is also the vice chairman of the GLC's ethnic minorities committee — his main grounds for complaint against the Met is their attitude to black people. His criticisms are, in fact, more wide ranging and less overtly political.

His job as Chairman of the police committee, a post he was elected to unopposed, is to get over to London ratepayers the fact that they are paying for a police force over which they, unlike any other ratepayers, exercise no vestige of control. Simply on the principle of 'no taxation without representation' Londoners should

have a Police Committee made up of elected representatives, to whom their police force is accountable. Meanwhile, as his committee campaigns to convince Londoners, the Home Office, even the police themselves, that this constitutional reform should be implemented, it will continue, with the help of the Police Support Unit, to monitor and make recommendations on crime and the Met.

When asked what it is that's wrong with the Met, Boateng steers clear of the familiar Left accusations of corruption and brutality, and says simply 'inefficiency and poor management'. He thinks there is too little communication and discipline within the Force, and that it relies almost exclusively on 'reactive policing'.

Racism is thus not at the root of the Met's inadequacy. What is, according to Boateng, is their 'insularity'. The Force looks in on itself the whole time, and has evolved its own codes and habits whose function is not to help it catch criminals but to shore up its own identity and internal hierarchy. Amongst its codes are a set of stereotypes — and critics other than he have picked out its assumptions about the criminal proclivities of black youth and the mendacity of women complaining of rape — which actually hinder its officers from doing the unprejudiced detection which will help identify and convict a criminal.

MIGHT THIS not be the inevitable response of a man whose background has been in defence work rather than someone who has lived with the consequences of a rising crime rate? He is, after all, a member of the executive of the National Council for Civil Liberties, a body whom many police regard as being perversely dedicated to undermining their chances of clapping wrongdoers in jail. As a solicitor he has also worked on the defence of blacks in the Bristol and Brixton disturbances, the more recent Notting Hill police/black clashes, and the Southall disturbances in which Blair Peach was killed.

Boateng comes back to the point about police inefficiency. Many of the white middle classes, whom the Conservatives hope to range up against the Police Committee, are equally disturbed that the police seem to have no methods for catching those who burgle their homes. (The detection rate for burglary in London was only nine per cent last year.) He would like to see the Met follow up the public demand to have far more officers on the beat, on education on crime prevention, and on sheer detective work. This would be far more reassuring than occasional forays by bands of police in all the latest gear into ghettos and High Streets to quell riots.

IT WAS Sir Robert Mark who, as Commissioner for the Metropolitan Police, argued most vehemently that the modern role of the police was the maintenance of law and order (rather than crime prevention or detection as such) and elaborated the view that, with social order breaking down, the police had to be the guardians of morality. Politicians he dismissed as frail straws corrupted by the gusting winds of democracy. In retrospect, this view has confirmed the Met's contempt for the activities of politicians and has given an ideo-

logical gloss to its self-protective rejection of accountability. While other forces have had to at least negotiate with the politicians on their police committees, police in London have been able to hold themselves above public questioning. From this stems the insularity which Boateng identifies as the chief cause of the Met's inability to adapt to a multi-ethnic democracy.

Boateng is also critical of the Left. Law and order is a problem 'we have tended to duck in the movement' he says. He would like to see a start made now on a socialist strategy on the causes of crime, its detection and prevention, and its treatment through sentencing. Perhaps the two investigations the Police Committee have launched, on vandalism and racial harassment, will produce some new insights and new policy ideas — although the Met has turned down the invitation to co-operate in the investigations.

Behind his proposals, his round of Committees and representations, there lurks the old-fashioned moral socialist. 'Crime is inseparable from the condition of society generally' he says. 'At the same time as we have high unemployment, a whole generation without prospects, we have a society with material values, geared to entertainment on television with its vision of the attainment of material wealth; a system based on acquisition.' On what morality exactly is the acquisition of property based in such a society? His heart, it seems, would be more in 'promulgating new values' than in rounds of committees.

It is not easy to imagine the Labour Party becoming a body for the propagation of a new morality. In those 'outcast classes' where the availability of criminal money offers independence from the dole and the work ethic which has rejected them, and offers social status and the swagger of machismo, won't socialism seem as alien as the disapproval of parents, the castigation of school teachers? Boateng wants to see the Labour Party proving its arguments with massive job creation. He appears to see the State, under the political control of the Labour Party, as the only body which can take over where free enterprise and the associated institutions of 'civil society' have failed.

This inevitably demands a new role for the Labour Party. Boateng talks, for instance, about the Party having the sort of links with musicians and popular extra-parliamentary movements which before only more left-wing organisations have tried to establish. When asked to address a local meeting on the police, he may well instead talk about the need for alliances between black and white groups, Labour Party and non-Party organisations. He is not, however, a Labour member closely identified with the controversies over the direction of the Labour Party, though he says he is a supporter of Tony Benn. Perhaps his distance from inner-party struggle is the wisdom of a man who hopes to go far, or a distaste for the type of politics it engenders — or perhaps it merely appears to be irrelevant to a black community whom he will always be expected to represent whatever posts he occupies in the years to come.

Sarah Benton

DEPTFORD

Open verdict upheld

JOANNA ROLLO looks back on the tragedy of the Deptford fire and the campaign by victims' families

IN THE HIGH COURT last Thursday Lord Lane, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr Justice Watkins and Mr Robert Goff refused the families of the Deptford fire victims a new inquest. It is eighteen months since 13 died and another 27 were permanently and seriously scarred in the fire which engulfed a black teenager's birthday party at No. 439 New Cross Road, home of the Ruddocks.

Ian MacDonald, Michael Mansfield and Stephen Sedley represented the families' case for a new inquest. There had been 'material irregularities', they argued, because the South London coroner, Dr Arthur Davies, had taken no notes during the inquest. He'd therefore been unable to sum up the evidence accurately for the jury. Dr Davies had taped the inquest but those tapes have not been transcribed. The 1,800 page transcript, referred to during the three-day hearing in the High Court, was in fact provided by the police who, with Dr Davies's permission, had secretly taped the inquest.

Much of the Coroner's summing up, said Ian MacDonald, was simply a reading from statements partygoers and witnesses had made to the police. At the inquest several

No. 439 New Cross Road



witnesses had effectively turned 'hostile' on the coroner and retracted their statements. The most important were the five boys who retracted statements which told of a fight in Mrs Ruddock's front room just before the fire. The coroner had also read out parts of statements which hadn't been given in evidence and omitted or misrepresented other evidence.

The families produced a list of 90 instances where the coroner had got his summing-up wrong. Over 20 of these were agreed on the Coroner's behalf, by his counsel, Mr Henry Brooke QC. Mr Brooke said it was 'surprising' there were so few mistakes. Dr Davies did his best, said Mr Brooke, who reminded the High Court that Dr Davies was a coroner of 22 years' standing and the most senior in London.

'We assume he did his best,' Lord Lane replied. 'The only problem is whether his best is good enough.' He and his fellow judges decided it was. They ruled that notes of evidence were only necessary as a record and not for summing up to a jury. They dismissed any suggestion that Dr Davies had been biased and had misdirected the jury as a result. The barristers representing the families had argued that a properly directed jury could have returned not an open verdict, but one of 'unlawful killing'. A half to a third of the coroner's summing up, said Ian MacDonald, had dwelt on the theory that a fight in the front room had somehow caused the fire. Dr Davies had read extensively from retracted statements saying there had been a fight, but didn't remind the jury that Mrs Ruddock, who'd sat all night in the kitchen behind the front room, said that if any fighting had taken place she'd have heard it.

Michael Mansfield had summarised evidence which suggested the fire was caused deliberately. Police forensic tests showed the liquid which fuelled it couldn't be accidentally ignited. Andy Hastings, a crucial witness (since he'd spent the entire evening in the front room) had told the inquest he'd seen a hole in the front room window which hadn't been there when he left the room three minutes before the fire began. But there was no forensic evidence to support this, since the police had retrieved only one third of the window's glass. They'd seen 'no point' in trying to piece the window together.

Another important piece of evidence was the tube containing traces of a common explosive, found in the front garden the day after the fire. At the inquest the coroner described it as 'a red herring', and a police explosives expert suggested it might be a firework. The police cannot trace a British manufacturer or supplier of such tubes. Lord Lane described the tube as one of the mysteries of this case.

But the judges ruled that a new inquest would not lead to a different verdict. 'No

reasonable jury could have come to any other', said Lord Lane. Earlier he'd remarked that a verdict of unlawful killing would be 'worse' for the families than an open verdict. He concluded: 'We do not think it desirable to re-open this investigation on any grounds: economic, social or human.' The police say they are still pursuing 40 separate lines of inquiry (narrowed down from an original 982) into the cause of the tragedy. □

CORONERS

Justice must be seen to be done

MELISSA BENN argues the case for reforming the system

IN SPITE of last week's decision, the case of the Deptford fire deaths will remain one in a long line — including those of Blair Peach, Jimmy Kelly, Richard Campbell, Winston Rose — to have demonstrated the weaknesses of the coroner system and the urgent need of its reform. Even where the competence of the individual coroner is not questioned, the system has such severe structural faults that it is bound to produce verdicts fairly regularly that fail to command public confidence — especially where deaths have occurred in complex or sensitive circumstances.

The qualifications required for the job are not particularly severe. A coroner must have five years' standing as a doctor or lawyer. Yet he (or she, but there is only one female coroner in the country) wields unique discretionary powers. The coroner decides which witnesses are called, what questions can be asked and the order of evidence. In some cases he also has power to decide whether or not to call a jury. (In the Blair Peach case, the coroner initially ruled that a jury would not be necessary and the family had to go to the High Court to get the decision reversed.)

Lawyers representing the family of the deceased can only ask questions to elicit information; they cannot sum up their own 'case' to the jury as in a criminal trial. Only the coroner can sum up at the end of an inquest, and this gives him considerable influence in directing the jury to a verdict.

His relationship with the police is uncomfortably close. The coroner's officer, who has the job of selecting the jury and of collecting the evidence that will be presented at the inquest, is usually a present or former member of the police force. In the Metropolitan Police area, the job is always done by a police officer. In one notorious case in the Vale of Glamorgan, reported in the *South Wales Echo* (5 March 1980), it was found that the foreman of the jury (himself an ex-policeman) was the father of the policewoman in charge of arranging the jury, and that the regular members of the

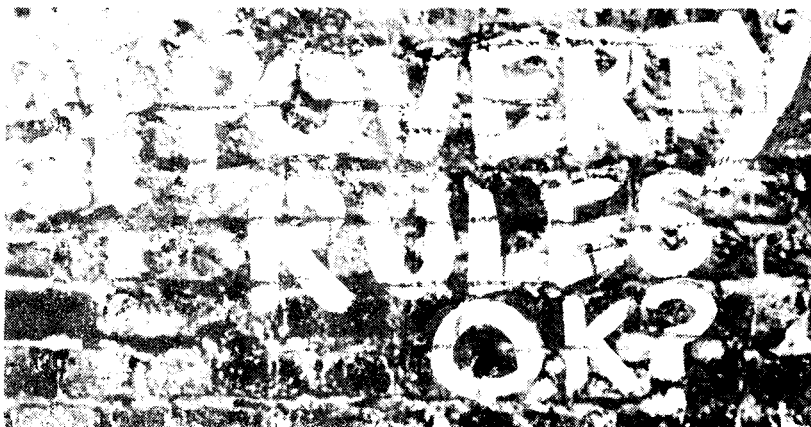
seven-man jury were all close associates of his.

If the system is to be consistently credible, it must be overhauled. Coroners should be suitably trained to deal with complex cases and their officers should always be civilians. Juries should be selected — and open to challenge — as they are in criminal trials, with a proper balance of age, sex and geographical distribution of residence within the area covered by the court.

The procedure in coroners' courts should be brought into line with other criminal courts, especially the rules of evidence, to minimise the danger of leading or bullying witnesses. All evidence presented to the court should be made available to any party to the inquest who asks for it. (In the Blair Peach and Jimmy Kelly cases,

police reports were withheld from the families.) The counsel representing each party should be able to sum up and present a case to the jury. Firm rules should guide the coroner in his own summing up and advice. The jury's right to add 'riders' to the verdict should be restored. (Twelve verdicts are available, all precisely worded, and until recently juries could add their own comments. This was prohibited after the Blair Peach case, where the jury added strong riders about the conduct of the Special Patrol Group.) Finally, legal aid should be available to all interested parties. □

'Inquest', an organisation campaigning to change the coroner system, is at PO Box 37, 136 Kingsland High Street, London E8.



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Class, religion and sex

BILL ROLSTON reports on the failures of the Fair Employment Agency in Northern Ireland

LAST WEEK the Irish Congress of Trades Unions held its annual conference in Belfast in an atmosphere of unprecedented economic gloom. The latest statistics show that one in five of Northern Ireland's workforce is unemployed and of these over 35 per cent have been out of a job for over a year. This is worse than the situation which existed in the 1930's during the depression. The Northern Ireland Secretary, Jim Prior, has recognised the gravity of the unemployment crisis facing the province, admitting recently that Northern Ireland's economy was not simply suffering from the recession but was 'actively in decline'.

Traditionally, unemployment in Northern Ireland has always hit the Catholic

community harder than the Protestants. Male unemployment statistics of around thirty per cent are nothing new in Catholic areas like Strabane and Newry. One of the primary duties of the Unionist Party was to make sure that Protestants were protected from the worst effects of any economic downturn. This was spelt out trenchantly as late as 1961 by an aspiring Unionist candidate, Robert Babington: 'Registers of unemployed Loyalists should be kept by the Unionist Party and employers invited to pick employees from them. The Unionist Party should make it quite clear that the Loyalists have the first choice of jobs.'

The imposition of direct rule from Westminster is held to have changed all that. Last Thursday, speaking on the Prior Devolution Bill in the House of Lords, the Earl of Gowrie praised the sterling work that has been done in tackling discrimination. The prime instrument in this task has been the Fair Employment Agency, which was set up in 1976 in dilatory response to the first civil rights disturbances over a decade ago. But how successful has the FEA been in eliminating discrimination in employment? Recent surveys are, to say the least, discouraging. Last week a leading trade unionist told the *New Statesman* that the main difference the recession has made to the balance of employment in Northern Ireland is that 'now the poor whites (i.e. the Protestants) are doing the niggers' jobs'.

The response to the Agency's existence was not auspicious. From the first protests

of the civil rights movement Loyalists had denied that any discrimination existed; if Catholics seemed to do less well in employment, this, they claimed, was because they were innately feckless. In 1977, Councillor George Willey of Craigavon condemned the Agency as a

capitulation by the British government to a minority of people in Northern Ireland who have clamoured for certain things to put them in a place of privilege above the majority.

And his fellow Loyalist Councillor Jack McKee said its very existence was an attack on Protestant privilege and gave 'credence to the old republican propaganda cries about "50 years of misrule" which are proven unfounded.'

Loyalists have not been the only opponents of the FEA. Businessmen often prefer to let things continue as they are, seeing the commitment to fair employment as unprofitable, if for no other reason than that it might anger Protestant workers and lead to worsened industrial relations. The Northern Ireland Chamber of Commerce and Industry in 1981 called for the abolition of both the Equal Opportunities Commission and the FEA on the grounds that

the EOC has stimulated female workers to take action against their employers, while the FEA is considered by many to have operated to the detriment of business.

The need for the State agency charged with righting inequalities to have a degree of consensus about its value, and for it to be prepared to side unequivocally with the underprivileged will be familiar arguments to those who have followed the work of the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Commission for Racial Equality. The shape of the inequality will also be recognisable.

It defies a clear-cut economic class analysis. While the working class in Northern Ireland is made up of both Protestants and Catholics, the median Protestant is a skilled manual worker, the median Catholic is a semi-skilled manual worker. Sectarian enclaves exist — 73 per cent of publicans, 50 per cent of waiters and waitresses, 48 per cent of hairdressers, 43 per cent of nurses are Catholics, though Catholics make up 35 per cent of the population. (And making this division of labour more complex, all these Catholic-dominated jobs, with the exception of publicans, are also dominated by women.)

On the other hand, 90 per cent of police personnel, 89 per cent of chemists and biologists, 89 per cent of engineers, 88 per cent of managers and 87 per cent of senior government officials are Protestants. Most of them are also men. Thus class, religion and sex are all interlinked to confirm a highly rigid hierarchy of labour.

TO CARRY OUT its task of cutting away at the religious divisions in this hierarchy, the FEA was given some quite powerful tools. It has tended to use just one of them, namely its power to investigate individual complaints of discrimination. But this procedure rests on the willingness of an individual to muster the courage and a sense of mission to bring a complaint against named individuals who are, by definition, more powerful than the complainant.

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NEW STATESMAN

Even where a complainant is prepared to fight his or her case, individual cases of discrimination are notoriously hard to prove. Agency members have come to rely on intuition more than hard evidence. They attempt to get the 'feel' of the case, with the additional back-up of a few rules of thumb worked out on the basis of experience. For example, if the person actually appointed to a job was of the same religion as the person who complained about being discriminated against in being refused the job, no finding of discrimination is made. Similarly, the non-appointment of a candidate for unfair, but not discriminatory (as defined) reasons is not judged as discrimination. The overall effect of this *modus operandi* is that the benefit of doubt in investigations is given to the respondent rather than the complainant. Agency members seek to behave in a 'rational' manner, solving problems in 'gentlemanly' negotiations with respondents, and only very rarely using the full might of their quasi-legal muscle on behalf of the complainant.

As a result, there are few positive results to show for all the effort put into casework. Up until March 1981 only 216 complaints were made. Investigations resulted in only ten findings of discrimination, and four of these were overturned on appeal to the Courts. Thus, in five years, only four complaints of discrimination were proven.

The Agency recognised that it was getting nowhere and asked Christopher McCrudden, a specialist in anti-discrimination law from Oxford University, to investigate the Agency's activities. He concluded that

law enforcement and follow-up action based on the results of law enforcement should be the central function of the Agency around which every other function should revolve.

This would mean a fundamental shift away from the idea of discrimination against some individuals to the idea that the inequality of a whole section of people is built into the structure of employment. In practice, the job of the FEA would be to investigate entire firms or sectors of employment to find out the sectarian make-up of the workforce and, if a serious imbalance is found, to require the firms to take specific steps to correct the balance. It is this sort of 'class action', which has been pursued in the US, that women and blacks have pushed for in Britain as well.

Ironically, this recommendation came after the FEA has already investigated the public Northern Ireland Electricity Service and found a dearth of Catholics at any level of management. More explosively, in its investigation of eleven major Belfast engineering firms it found that Sirocco employed only 3 or 4 Catholics out of 250, and that between 4 and 8 per cent of Shorts' workforce were Catholic; about 90 per cent of the labour force at Mackies were Protestant as were 91 per cent at Ford Motor Company. At Harland and Wolff, the shipyard kept alive with millions of pounds of public money, there was not a single Catholic amongst its skilled engineering workers.

The FEA has never publicly revealed the results of any of these formal investigations. There may be two reasons for this.

The first is that it sees the investigations fitting into its overall task of 'educating' employers towards fair employment. In other words, the investigations are not meant to contribute to public debate. Their target audience is not the public, but the employers investigated, and they thus become part of the refined discourse between employers and Agency members. Secondly, such investigations are politically contentious, and in the face of possible confrontation with businessmen and loyalist politicians, the FEA would seem to have erred most often on the side of caution.

Its fear of confrontation is not imaginary. Despite its commitment to gentlemanly discourse and caution, the FEA has drawn a good deal of flak as a result of its investigations. In 1978 it found itself blocked at the highest level, by Ministers of State in the Northern Ireland Office, in its attempt to investigate the civil service. And, to take two examples from the world of business: the report on Ford Motor Company notes that 'the local management were reluctant to provide the information which the Agency requested', and only did so when the FEA flexed its legal muscles; and a director of Hugh J. Scott Ltd began the discussion with the investigators by making it clear 'that he did not think the FEA was a necessary organisation'.

BUT THE FEA's fear of confrontation has been exaggerated to the point of paralysis. It could do so much more with the power of formal investigations. It could, as McCrudden advises, have a coherent, action-oriented plan for investigations in future, instead of responding to ad hoc requests or whims. It could link strategies much more, for example, striking an employer off its register of Fair Employers if an investigation shows a sectarian imbalance in the workforce; in the wake of recent policy changes in Government, that would cost the employer government contracts. And it could publish the results of formal investigations, thus gaining public support for its attack on recalcitrant employers. Above all, it could abandon its commitment to gentlemanly discourse, and be prepared to anger employers and politicians. If Agency members retort that such changes would bring them a great deal of opposition, the reply is that that opposition is there anyway. The FEA should at least earn its opposition through a head-on attack on Protestant privilege.

In a recent statement, Peter Newsam, the next chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality, showed he had no difficulty in assigning the blame for racial inequality in Britain. 'The real problem after all is with the white community. If it wasn't, we wouldn't have a problem'.

Bob Cooper, head of the FEA, has never been nearly as specific in apportioning the blame for sectarian inequality in Northern Ireland, and is consequently over-optimistic.

My hope would be that we would have a reduction in community tension and a substantial increase in economic activity. If we have these two things, we, as an Agency, can bring about equality of opportunity in employment in Northern Ireland. □

ECONOMICS

Saving a meaningless exercise

World leaders last month at Versailles called for policy 'convergence'. JEREMY BRAY suggests a way

THE WORLD is still plunged in a deep recession. As a consequence of the recession and increasing defence expenditure, the U.S. budget deficit promises to soar to over \$100 billion. With the Federal Reserve Board (in effect the US central bank) under pressure from President Reagan's Administration and from Wall Street to keep the American money supply within tight targets, interest rates in the United States have remained high. These have forced the dollar up to a level where it is creating irresistible pressures for trade restrictions to protect domestic American industries. To protect the value of their own currencies, European governments have kept their own interest rates high, complaining loudly the while to the United States about the effect on their own economies.

The Versailles world economic summit meeting in June simply wrung its hands at the gravity of this situation. The Big Five – France, Germany, Japan, the United Kingdom and the United States – have entrenched and contradictory positions. So the Summit locked itself into a circle of pious aspirations:

We accept a joint responsibility to work for greater stability of the world monetary system. We recognise that this rests primarily on *convergence* of policies designed to achieve lower inflation, higher employment and renewed economic growth.

Words in a communiqué are fine, but no-one seems to know what 'convergence' was supposed to mean or how to achieve it. Can life after all be breathed into those vague phrases of Summit speak?

Dr. Beryl Sprinkel, the arch monetarist Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs in the U.S. Treasury, made the original proposal that the Group of Five should study the impact of intervention in foreign exchange markets. Mr. Donald Regan, Secretary to the U.S. Treasury, sold it to the President as a way of keeping the Europeans quiet. At Versailles, the Europeans saw this proposed study as an American excuse for inaction. So they insisted on adding the commitment to the 'convergence' of actual policies. To President Mitterrand that meant reducing U.S. interest rates. To Mrs. Thatcher it meant cutting the U.S. budget deficit first. To President Reagan it meant the rest of the world learning to live with the policies of his administration.

The Deputies of the Group of Five –

Dr. Sprinkel for the U.S. and Treasury official Sir Kenneth Couzens for the U.K. — are now meeting to work out how to conduct these exercises. Judging from the replies by Treasury officials here to questions from the House of Commons Treasury and Civil Service Committee last month and from my recent talks in Washington, no-one seems to know what to do. The danger is that officials are going through a pointless and sterile exercise in which they have no faith so as to be seen to have done something by the time of the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund in September. But that need not be the outcome.

As heads of government left the Versailles Summit last month a conference of economists from central banks, finance ministries and universities gathered at the Federal Reserve Board in Washington to see how economic policy could be designed better to achieve the stated objectives of policy makers. Some kind of application of 'control theory' to economics is essential to sort out precisely the sort of ineffective muddle in which the Summit found itself.

We have now abandoned as unobtainable the old simplicities of the post-war Bretton Woods world monetary system with its fixed exchange rates on the one hand; and those of 'single target' monetary policies on the other. In the more complicated real world we now face, purely verbal discussions have such ambiguities and difficulties in communication that they are unlikely to make much progress. The final economic objectives of growth, jobs and lower inflation interact. They are all affected by tax, by expenditure and by monetary policies within a nation, and by trade and exchange rates between nations. Rules of thumb produced by innumerate economists, politicians and officials have as much chance of sorting out that little lot rationally as a monkey has of designing a jumbo jet, or more worryingly flying one. The sensible policy maker cannot just listen to the economic debate and pick out the answer he thinks will work. He must set up a process with other policy makers which tests systematically the contributions to analysis and policy making from many economists. In other words, the political and the technical apparatus of policy making must be properly harnessed to each other.

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, an exercise in 'policy optimisation' is now possible in which each government sets its own policies, priorities and its own model of how it thinks its economy works, leaving exchange rate behaviour as a free parameter. Then, at the international level, the exercise could set parameters, giving exchange rate policies, which need not be uniform for all countries, but which would optimise the sum of the given respective national priorities. Federal Reserve Board staff say it would take them about two weeks to set up the necessary computer programmes in the U.S. Other countries would take rather longer. The initial dialogue between modellers and policy makers within countries might take six months once the system was set up.

So much for the technical apparatus. The political apparatus must also be used

positively and not be treated as a hindrance. Within Washington, the Administration, Congress and the Federal Reserve Board are as much at war with each other as usual over economic policy. Recent reforms in Congress in the Budget procedures have suffered a major set-back in the confusions of the past two years. At present there is no 'economic framework' for political decisions. The Congressional Budget Office (CBO) produces the 'consensus' economic forecasts, which even the Administration accepts as the start of its Budget process. The CBO's 'consensus' ready reckoners on the effect of policy changes are based on all the main US economic models — except the Fed model, to which they have no access.

But there are no constraints on policy-making. Monetary policy is left as the consequence of other policies. Yet Dr. Paul Volcker, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, understandably refuses to spell out those consequences to Congress, by giving his forecasts of the future trend of interest rates. Under the recent so-called Humphrey-Hawkins legislation, targets have to be publicly set for inflation and unemployment. But these are just ideals and have no effect on policy.

The only body in Congress which looks at economic policy as a whole is the Joint Economic Committee (JEC) of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Dr. James Galbraith, Executive Director of the JEC, sees the potential that policy optimisation with realistic priorities offers for developing coherent policies. The JEC could

specify alternative priorities and ask the Fed for the policy implications of these on the Fed's economic model. Dr. Volcker and the Fed could then respond, with explanations, and a properly constructive policy dialogue would have started.

The Fed has the best economic research department and the best maintained model in Washington. But they are not used constructively in such a dialogue. The Congress and the Administration lack comparable resources and so feel intellectually bullied and react accordingly. The Fed would be the necessary agent of any U.S. participation in an international 'convergence' exercise. If the Group of Five made Dr Sprinkel chairman of a technical working party to follow up Versailles, with the U.S. using the Fed model, encouraging interest from Congress, the combination of the three branches of economic policy making in the U.S. would in itself be an inestimable benefit to the rest of the world.

As for the U.K., the question is not whether it would be in the British interest to take part in such an exercise, but whether Sir Geoffrey Howe would recognise it as such. The Treasury has begun to develop policy optimisation methods on its model. While the U.K. is unlikely to initiate a model based 'convergence' exercise, it would probably take part if it was initiated elsewhere.

The Summit communique placed the surveillance of convergence in the hands of the IMF, but that is at least initially a fig leaf. The IMF had a clear doctrine on conditions to be attached to its loans, based on the simple models of domestic credit expansion developed by its own long serving and powerful former Director of Research, Mr. Jacques Polak. But doctrines on 'convergence' will be more difficult to build.

France has the most pressing interest in the exercise. The French government view is that the action needed is obvious — a reduction in U.S. interest rates. Fearing that any technical exercise would be just an excuse for inaction, they will insist on talks aimed at immediate action. A serious model based 'convergence' exercise would however have appeal as a second string to such talks. For a decade now the French have been investing heavily in model based economic policy analysis, to catch up with 'les Anglo-Saxons'. They now have the best software. They have already carried out a policy optimisation exercise on DMS, their planning model. They have the capability to carry out a private exercise in parallel with the Group of Five, to make sure that their own model is not used in evidence against them.

The French group CISI has recently acquired Professor Lawrence Klein's Wharton Economic Forecasting Associates which is the leading private American model. It also operates the Treasury model for the Economic Intelligence Unit in London. They need a rationale before the next realignment of the EMS. The French will be looking at whether a model based 'convergence' exercise might serve a useful purpose. One way or another the steps that will inevitably be taken sooner or alter, may come sooner than most people expect. □

PRIZE DRAW

Here are the winners of the major prizes in the Prize Draw run with our **Readership Questionnaire (NS 28 May)**.

The cash prize of £250 is won by:

Timothy Madden of Colwyn Bay, Glwyd.

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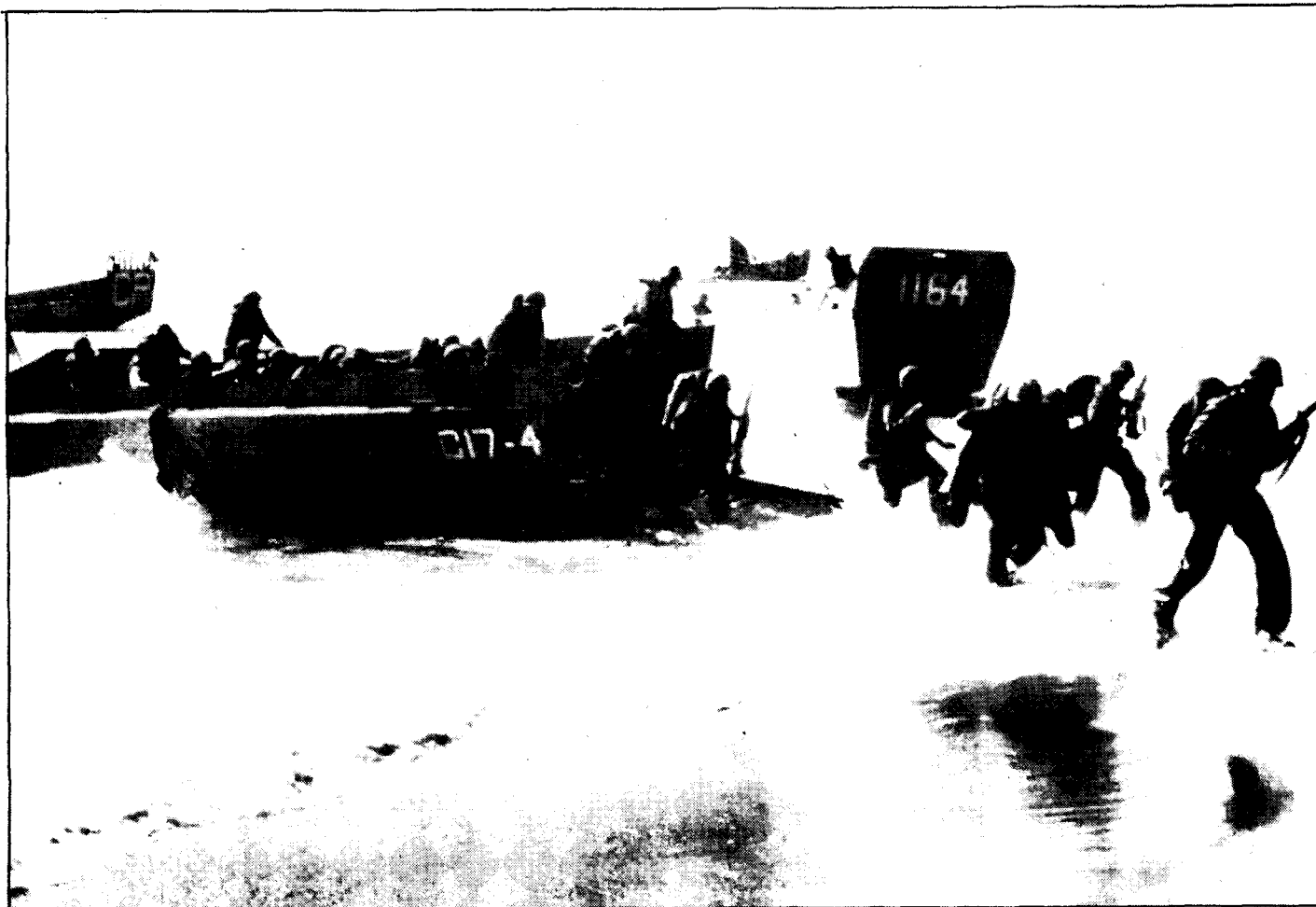
Dr **M. Athalaye**, London, E9; Mr **S. P. Brough**, Camberwell, London; Mr **A. C. Cooper**, Stratford, London; Mr **S. Gersager**, Hillerød, Denmark; Mr **P. Graham**, Mourjou, France; Mr **C. J. Green**, Rickmansworth, Herts; Mr **D. Griffiths**, London N15.

Mr **L. B. Harris**, Kenton, Middx; Mr **R. Haughton**, Crawley, W. Sussex; Mr **M. Holder**, Sydenham, London; Mr **H. Kemp**, Cheadle, Cheshire; Mr **R. J. B. Lake**, Rotherham, Yorks.

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Ms **S. Raikes**, Eynsham, Oxon; Mr **M. Ritchie**, Strathclyde, Scotland; Ms **K. Sturge**, Freiburg, W. Germany; Mr **J. Wheaton**, London SW6.

Another 100 readers win prizes of books published by the **NS**. All winners will receive their prizes by post within the next few days.



Popperfoto

FOREIGN NEWS: LEBANON — 1

Sandbagged in the Middle East

As President Reagan gets sucked into committing US forces directly in Lebanon, CLAUDIA WRIGHT examines possible consequences

WHEN US MARINES went ashore at Beirut on 15 July, 1958, American commanders found that their intelligence had failed them. Although half a million Beirutis knew, apparently no-one had thought to tell the Pentagon that at 'Red Beach', the landing point south of the city, the sand was so soft that jeeps and other wheeled vehicles would get bogged down — as they did. Had the marines been met by anyone but lemonade vendors and children, the first American armed intervention in the Middle East might have been disastrous.

The Pentagon made up for the lapse by ordering a soil survey of every beach on the Mediterranean that might be a target for marine intervention in the future. For this reason at least, President Reagan's proposal for sending marines once more to Lebanon will not get bogged down in sand — not literally. However, to use the Washington jargon, Reagan has been 'sand-bagged' by the Israelis. The intervention of the marines may prove to be a colossal bungle from which the President can be rescued by only one man — Yasser Arafat.

By encouraging the White House to

draft the marine intervention plan and then leaking the news to accelerate the decision, the Begin Government is trying to manoeuvre the Americans into a scheme the Israelis find too risky and costly to undertake themselves. This is the use of force to compel a Palestinian withdrawal from Beirut, followed by manipulation of the Lebanese presidential election to produce a Maronite Christian victory without concessions to the Moslems.

The logistical and tactical problems of a marine landing are just the beginning. A force of 1000-1800 marines requires a vast sea, air and land operation to accompany, protect, supply and support it. The 1958 operation, code-named 'Blue Bat', began with a landing of 1771 marines, with air cover from three carriers and under the guns of 19 cruisers and destroyers. After Beirut airport was secured, the navy and airforce landed another 13,000 troops, engineers, and heavy equipment from Moroccan, French, German and Turkish bases. None of this activity took place against resistance from the Lebanese Moslem forces, then quartered in the *Basta*, a section of Beirut only a fraction of the size of the area currently occupied by PLO forces. A few sniper potshots, one American casualty, and some tough talking between Americans and angry Lebanese army commanders — that was the extent of the 1958 hostilities.

Above: Will marines land again in Beirut?

In the current situation, the likelihood of the marines encountering resistance is much greater if they arrive before the Palestinian withdrawal. If they stay after that — which is not intended, according to Defense Secretary Weinberger — they may still run into the fire of the Lebanese Moslem forces, or into the cross-fire between Moslems and Christians which Israeli policy has been trying to promote. Policing the 'green line' between Beirut's Moslems and Christians has been hazardous duty for the Syrians. It cannot be less so for the US marines.

Nor is this likely to be the brief 30-day operation that Reagan and Weinberger have implied. In 1958 the Americans were obliged to stay until their candidate for President, General Fuad Chehab, felt secure — the last troops and their tanks did not depart until October that year. There is a strong possibility that the marines might stay on well into the US mid-term Congressional election campaign, which ends on 2 November.

THE ELECTORAL consequences for the Republicans of losing American lives in a Lebanon 'quagmire' would be serious. So far US polls show considerable support for Israel (50 per cent) and little sympathy for

the Palestinians (18 per cent). A large number (32 per cent) have not made up their minds yet. However, American public opinion strongly rejects the despatch of American forces to Lebanon, even as a 'multinational peacekeeping force'. If the marines begin taking casualties, they will find themselves bleeding on television, and pounding away in retaliation at Beirut apartment buildings, just as the Israelis are presently doing.

The man who can help the White House out of that trap is none other than Yasser Arafat. But plainly he has a price which Ambassador Habib is hoping to avoid, and which the Begin government will never accept. That is American recognition of the PLO and inclusion of the Organisation in new talks on a Palestinian settlement. The Israelis have already drawn Reagan in so far that unless he provides the marines, he will share the responsibility and blame for a final Israeli military attack on West Beirut. The French offer of forces is a fig leaf — made only after intense private lobbying in Paris by, among others, former President Nixon and Former Secretary of State Kissinger — for the Israeli-American strategy. Once the marines are on their way into Beirut, however, the Palestinians and the Lebanese Moslems may try to keep them there as hostages against renewal of the civil war.

The Soviets too can make the White House pay a price for its bungling. President Brezhnev's warning against a marine landing on 8 July, followed by the warning against French military involvement on 10 July, have been dismissed in Washington as harmless bluffing. But what is at stake is a first-ever breach by the American side of the 1972 and 1973 agreements on 'basic principles of relations' and 'the prevention of nuclear war'. A senior US official at the time of these agreements concedes that an American breach could be involved, but adds that in the American view, the Soviets have already broken the 1972 agreement 'several times'.

According to Henry Kissinger's second memoir, on 24 October, 1973, during the Arab-Israeli war, Brezhnev sent a message to the White House, urging that American and Soviet forces be flown immediately to Egypt to ensure the ceasefire and disengagement of the Israeli and Egyptian armies. According to Kissinger, Brezhnev also threatened to send Soviet forces unilaterally if the US 'find it impossible to act jointly with us in this matter'.

Kissinger records that the US reply rejected both the joint military proposal and the unilateral Soviet threat as 'in violation of our understandings, of the agreed principles we signed in Moscow in 1972 and of Article II of the Agreement on Prevention of Nuclear War'.

In last week's letter to Washington, Brezhnev intended to remind the Americans and also the Europeans that the Reagan administration can't be counted on to keep an agreement. During the past month the Administration's reputation for reliability has been undercut by several broken understandings with its allies. Reagan's decision to send troops to Beirut can provide no assurance to the Lebanese, the Syrians or the Palestinians that whatever promises the Americans have offered will be kept. □

LEBANON — 2

US Jews in disarray

ARTHUR WASKOW reports on the trauma that the war is causing in America

THE ISRAELI invasion of Lebanon has opened up the deepest debate among American Jews since Israel was established in 1948. Not only has the invasion and its conduct been questioned on moral and political grounds, but the usual rule of such debates — that they be carried on in private where non-Jews cannot overhear — has been violated.

In Washington about 40 Jews, who had very little connection with organised Jewish life and knew each other chiefly through left-liberal and progressive politics, held a Friday evening vigil near the Israeli embassy. The political effect of the vigil was almost nil, but it was a measure of intense feeling in the broader, unaffiliated Jewish community.

Two statements of protest and criticism of the Begin-Sharon policy were placed in large advertisements with many signatories in the *New York Times*. One came from a year-old organisation of progressive Jews which has about 25 chapters in American cities. The other came from American Friends of Peace Now, a small committee of support for the group of Israeli doves named 'Shalom Achshad'. Also in the *New York Times*, Nathan Gozer and Seymour Martin Lipset, who are nationally known social scientists with a 'new-conservative' bent and strong ties with the organised Jewish community, published a vigorous attack on the invasion, condemning it as unnecessary for the protection of Israel. They called for mutual recognition by Israel and the Palestinians of each other's right to peace and self-determination.

When the network of regular Jewish organisations called a support rally for Prime Minister Begin on his visit to the United Nations, aiming for a crowd of 30,000 people, only 1,000 showed up. A resolution criticising the invasion was tabled during the regular annual convention of Reform Rabbis which met recently: it was defeated, but only by a two-to-one vote, and after a heated debate.

In more private ways, the official leadership of many major American Jewish organisations have pleaded with the Begin government not to mount a full assault on West Beirut. At least one such leader, a long-time hawk, wrote to Begin urging that as soon as the PLO had been shattered as a military organisation, Israel should begin negotiations to establish a self-determining Palestinian entity on the West Bank and Gaza.

Philip Klutznick, who is known as a generous donor to Jewish and Israeli causes, as well as being a former president of the World Jewish congress and Honorary President of B'Nai B'Rith International, joined publicly with Pierre Mendes-France

and Nahum Goldmann in calling for a mutual recognition between Israel and the PLO. The World Jewish Congress then criticised the timing of the statement but in a way that implicitly affirmed its content.

Meanwhile, the rest of the organised Jewish Community has been responding in more conventional ways. Many American Jews welcomed with pride the effective planning, soldierly vigour, and military success of the invasion. The United Jewish Appeal and similar groups have launched campaigns for emergency contributions to war-time support for the Israeli economy. Members of Congress have been called upon to applaud Israel's success in blunting terrorism and reducing Soviet influence in the Middle East.

But although this kind of supportive response has had a stronger impact in the short-term, the criticisms suggest longer-range political changes. At the outset of the invasion, there was a profound emotional and moral sense of revulsion at the civilian death toll. 'This isn't a Jewish war!' was the comment on many Jewish lips during the first two weeks of June. The Jewish community responded by setting up relief funds for Lebanon, and the weekly Jewish newspapers that are published in dozens of American cities began carrying Israeli reports insisting that casualty levels were much lower than the Lebanese and Palestinians had claimed.

As these reports cast doubt on the original figures, as evidence emerged of PLO arms stockpiles in Southern Lebanon, and as the Israeli army paused on the outskirts of Beirut, the original sense of revulsion abated a little. But the customary acceptance of Israeli policy had been breached, opening up other levels of questioning. News spread of major rallies criticising the invasion being held in Israel, and many American Jews then felt more justified in expressing their own criticism. There was, however, a secondary debate about whether Jews who did not undertake the risks of living in Israel had the right to put pressure on Israeli policy.

Some raised a more subtle challenge to public criticism of Israel: would the public show of internal Jewish disunity give *de facto* permission to the Reagan administration — with its strong orientation to the oil industry and its Saudi connections — to dump the alliance with Israel altogether? Nevertheless, large numbers of American Jews felt it their Jewish obligation, for the first time, to disagree with Israel. Some began to look beyond the immediate policy at issue, to questions of the quality and direction of Israeli society. What were the implications of Sharon's ascendancy? What future was there for the Jewish values embedded in the Labour Zionism that they had identified with Israel? And, perhaps most important, would Israel ever achieve external peace and a restoration of its internal self confidence unless the Palestinians achieved self-government?

Many American Jews have begun to conclude that the real purpose of the Lebanon invasion is to permit the Begin-Sharon government to move towards the annexation of the West Bank. If that happens, it is now likely that there will be considerable opposition from large parts of the American Jewish community. □

America's nuclear locker

PETER PRINGLE reports on the first evidence from official sources of the size of the US arsenal

IN A most unusual gesture to open government the State Department's bureau of politico-military affairs recently released a brief memorandum on the nation's super-secret stockpile of nuclear weapons. The release went almost unnoticed in the American press but its very existence was of extraordinary historical significance. It was the first time since the bombing of Hiroshima that the United States government has issued a public document about the nuclear stockpile. In fact, when President Truman, in the early years of the American nuclear monopoly, was pushing his Doctrine and the Marshall Plan on post-war Europe, members of Congress were unable to find out if these bold foreign policy steps were backed, as everyone supposed, by an arsenal of nuclear weapons.

The State Department memo, three pages long, unheaded and unsigned, tells us that President Truman engaged in an enormous atomic bluff. At the time of his adventures the American nuclear cupboard was virtually bare. In 1946 there were component parts for only nine atomic weapons, in 1947 only 13 and in 1948, the year before the Soviet Union tested their first Atomic device, only 50. Most of these components were apparently not assembled and could not have been used at short notice.

What is the Reagan Administration, which has no track record of favouring open government, doing releasing this information at this time? According to the memo, the aim is to counter 'speculation in the press about the present size and planned growth of the US nuclear stockpile'. Although it is true, the memo says, that the Administration is building 'several thousands of new (nuclear) weapons . . . almost as many old ones will be retired and disassembled. The net result will be a moderate increase in the size of the stockpile by the late 1980s'. The implication is that Reagan is not such a belligerent president as some would have us believe, and certainly not as warlike as those terrible democrats, Kennedy and Johnson, who built up the nuclear stockpile to its highest level (tens of thousands) in the mid-1960s. However, the memo gives no actual figures for the present stockpile, nor does it tell us anything about the types of weapons now in the arsenal, nor indeed about those

planned.

The size and nature of the stockpile lies at the heart of so much military decision-making that any government gains considerable latitude in the construction of its nuclear forces if the stockpile remains secret. This fact was recognised as long ago as 1949 by Senator Brien McMahon, the first chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. McMahon was no dove, he liked the bomb, but he admitted that the secrecy about the stockpile had made Congress 'like a general who must train his troops without knowing how many rounds of ammunition they will be issued'. He went on: 'I fear we lack perspective to pass (judgement) upon any major defence issue.'

Truman's answer was to keep the numbers in the stockpile secret. It is also Reagan's answer. Congress and the American people continue to make decisions on massive increases in defence spending, on the production of new weapons such as binary nerve gas shells, and on the improvement of conventional weapons, without knowing the true military value of the nuclear stockpile. Instead of enlightening the public, the chief effect of the State Department's

memo seems to have been to detract attention from the findings of independent researchers, who are at last beginning to uncover some useful data.

AFTER DILIGENT research a history professor from Houston, David Rosenberg, has managed to unearth some important facts about the 1940's nuclear stockpile through the Freedom of Information Act and last month's newsletter from the Arms Control Association, a non-partisan, Washington-based group, contains the first attempt to assess the size of the stockpile and examine, in detail, the implications of the current upsurge in the production of new US nuclear warheads. The article, by William Arkin, of the liberal Institute for Policy Studies, and Tom Cochran and Milton Hoenig of the Natural Resource Defence Council, an environmental watchdog, puts the current stockpile at 26,000 warheads (half strategic and half tactical) which is about the same as the total in 1962.

The article shows that, before leaving office, President Carter secretly authorised a doubling of warhead production. Whereas during the late 1970s about 1,000

Harry S. Truman: if your cupboard is bare keep bluffing



Keystone

warheads were produced annually and about 1,300 old ones were retired, the 1981 Stockpile Memorandum, signed by Carter in October 1980, called for a 'dramatic increase' in warhead production. President Reagan signed another Stockpile Memorandum in early 1982 raising Carter's figure, reportedly, by another 380 warheads over a five-year period.

The Arkin article estimates that some 23,000 new nuclear warheads are planned for construction during the next ten years and an additional 14,000 are identified in current research and development programmes throughout the mid-1990s. With concurrent retirement of old weapons the Arkin article suggests that by the 1990s the US stockpile will total about 32,000 weapons – equal to the all-time high of 1967.

An important difference this time, as the article points out, will be the type of weapons. Gone are the huge multi-megaton blasts of the days of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). These are the days of 'Flexible Response' and 'Limited Nuclear War'. It is not simply a matter, as it has been in the past, of taking fissile material, uranium-238 or plutonium, out of the old weapons and putting it in the new ones. Now that technological refinements have led to the production of smaller weapons, and the neutron weapon has been introduced, the supply of plutonium, and especially a third bomb fuel, tritium, from the old weapons will be insufficient. The amount of plutonium currently produced by US government reactors would need to be more than doubled if Reagan went ahead with plans to produce the new generation of weapons systems such as the Trident 2, the MX missile and the cruise missile. Other

sources of fissile material will clearly have to be found.

One option is transfer plutonium from spent fuel rods at nuclear power stations and upgrade it for weapons. But the Administration is also intent on continuing its breeder reactor programme and since these reactors initially consume more plutonium than they produce, there would be a shortfall in breeder fuel unless material were obtained to replace that going to the weapons programme. This would come either from Britain, or from more converted spent fuel in the United States. Thus it is ludicrous for the Foreign Office to say, as it has, that any plutonium fuel the British might sell to the United States would be used for peaceful purposes only. The distinction is unimpressive – and downright misleading.

The Administration did not like the Arkin article. Although the authors claim that they gleaned all their information from public sources they were called by the Department of Energy, the agency charged with the production of fissile material for America's nuclear arsenal, and asked to give an account of those sources. The Energy Department was satisfied that the information had come from public sources but told the authors they had 'gone too far' in their researches. Without confirming anything the authors had written Department officials made it quite clear that they disapproved of estimates of the stockpile being made public.

When so many Americans are asking for a freeze on the nuclear arms race, seeking meaningful arms control talks and an open debate about nuclear weapons, some elements in the Administration are evidently trying to obscure the truth for their own ends – just as Truman did. □

ANGOLA

UK policy shift

JAN MARSH reports on Britain's new backing for the US

THE PRICE of American support for Mrs Thatcher's Falklands foray appears to be reciprocal support for one of the United States' current foreign policy obsessions – the removal of Cuban troops from Angola.

The US has always claimed to regard the Cuban presence in Africa as intolerable (unlike the stationing of American forces in Europe). Now it is a key bargaining counter in the present round of negotiations over the independence of Namibia, where the western Contact Group is attempting to mediate between the SWAPO liberation movement and the South African government in Pretoria, which refuses to relinquish control of the territory.

Cuban troops have been in Angola since 1975 when the combined efforts of the CIA and the South African army failed to instal the Unita movement in power at the time of independence. Since then South Africa has continually attacked Angola and its troops have been in occupation of most of the southern Kunene province for nearly a year, following a major invasion last August. Cuban soldiers have not been used in combat for some time, but in Angola they are regarded as a necessary guarantee against further, deeper assaults.

The concept of 'linkage' has been introduced into the negotiations (and has recently been revived under the term 'parallelism') to the effect that no South Africans shall withdraw from Namibia until the Cubans have left Angola. If this is insisted upon (as the US and South Africa, now acting jointly, seem certain to do) the Namibia negotiations will get nowhere, since Angola will not agree to such a plan. In the first place, Angola regards itself as entitled to whatever defence assistance is necessary until the threat of invasion is finally lifted; secondly, its alliances, military or otherwise, have nothing to do with the decolonisation of Namibia.

Until recently, the European members of the Contact Group (Britain, France and West Germany) have tended to agree, and argued against 'linkage' when it was raised by the United States. But in the past couple of months this has changed. It is clear from last week's 'Summary of points' issued by the Contact Group, and from recent representations to the Foreign Office, that Britain is now backing the American line.

The Falklands may not be the only reason for this shift in position. Lord Carrington and Richard Luce, who maintained the previous British policy on southern African affairs, have been replaced by Francis Pym and Cranley Onslow. In 1979, when he was shadow spokesman on foreign affairs, Pym startled a Conservative gathering in Cambridgeshire with a tirade of indignation against the Cubans in Angola, 'acting as the spearhead of Soviet imperialism'. □

Lead poison

NS
Report 7

Lead is a brain poison. It can harm people and it can kill. Yet we put it in paint that is used in schools and in homes. We allow it to contaminate our food. We tolerate it in our domestic water supply through the use of lead plumbing. We add it to petrol so it spews out of car exhausts into city streets and school playgrounds.

In this important new report, **RICK ROGERS** shows how industry, government ministers, civil servants and scientists have sought to hide the damage it does, to avoid taking measures against it. He explains why it is vital for Britain to become 'lead free', and how we can fight to make it so.

Des Wilson, chairman of CLEAR, the anti-lead campaign, says:

When nine out of ten people in Britain are calling for a ban on lead in petrol, it is inexplicable that the authorities continue to deny the evidence of the health risk. **RICK ROGERS'S** book should convince the remaining ten per cent that lead pollution is Britain's number one health hazard. A comprehensible and readable summary of the issues involved.

NS REPORT 7

Available from all good bookshops and through W. H. Smith, or direct from **Ted Peacock, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1**, £1.95 (incl. postage & packing)

DIARY

Christopher Price

I am pleased that Peter Tatchell is to be allowed to stand at Bermondsey and that the epidemic of witch hunts in the Labour Party is at last beginning to wane. Michael Foot had some wise words to say on the subject in Parliament last week:

People were implicated in inquiries at which they did not have the chance to defend themselves. Gross injustice was done to some of them. Some were excluded or driven from public life as a result of charges that they had not seen before they were published in newspaper headlines. I am opposed to British citizens . . . being subjected to that type of trial.

He was reflecting on the aftermath of the Vassall Tribunal and warmly approving the elaborate arrangements made by the Prime Minister to protect anyone accused of a misdemeanour in the Falklands Inquiry. It would have been nice if Peter Tatchell could have received that same protection earlier this year.

I'm not at all sure that when she appointed Lord Franks as head of the Falklands Inqu-

ROGER WOODDIS

The message

On the return of the Canberra

They came down the gangplank,
sheepishly,
Mandatory heroes and to a hooting
welcome.
Backpacks bulging with memories of
death.
A fever of clamped arms, tears and
babies,
And generous girls baring their
patriotic breasts
Made the ideal camera-fodder.

And best of all, a sight to gladden
Every swelling gungho heart,
A message slung from the crowded
rails:
'CALL OFF THE RAIL STRIKE. . .
OR WE'LL CALL AN AIR STRIKE!'

A bomb on Buckton will solve our
problems,
A guided missile will sort out the
pickets;
What worked so gloriously at San
Carlos
Would be just the ticket at Waterloo

We cannot tolerate the rule of the gun.
That's what the lads were fighting
against,
Or put it another way – for.

iry the Prime Minister was aware of his ambivalent Quaker attitude to warfare. Though his dynamism at the Ministry of Supply was crucial in the second world war, he often told his friends in those days that if he'd been in charge, he'd have let Hitler invade – as the lesser evil. Why then did he work all hours of the day to win the war? Because it is also a Quaker principle to undertake whatever tasks your legally elected government asks of you. She could not have found anyone more exactly appropriate to sit in judgment on all those diplomats who have been trying to give the islands away and avoid war with Argentina over the past 15 years.

The poor old Foreign Office has been losing battles left, right and centre, ever since Mrs Thatcher came to power. They were caught off balance in June 1979, by the decision to raise fees for overseas students. Ever since, they've been fighting back, and the latest effort is a report of the 'independent' Overseas Student Trust, showing a myriad of little ways in which the government might ease the burden on overseas students. It is an intensely conservative and commercial document, full of arguments about economic self-interest rather than morality – but then it had to be written in the only sort of language which the present government understands. It's only asking for £15-£20 million as a first step – which is peanuts compared to the Falklands war budget – for a venture supposedly undertaken to uphold international morality. Whether the government are persuaded or not will be a measure of the Foreign Office's residual power within Whitehall. I am not hopeful. Lord Carrington saw the overseas student fee decision as an affront to normal British civilised behaviour; I doubt whether Francis Pym, his successor, cares very much.

Speculation grows about the Speakership. Will George Thomas resign in time for the Conservatives to put in their nominee before the next General Election? Who will it be – Du Cann, St John-Stevas, Mark Carlisle, Janet Fookes? No one seems to know quite which way the Prime Minister's mind is working – except that she seems to be against the present Deputy Speaker, Bernard Weatherill. He was squeezed out from being chief whip – probably because he is in trade, rather than land or banking. When he was elected, sitting one day innocently in a member's toilet cubicle, the truth about the Tory Party was wafted over to him from the urinals: 'My God, I don't know what this place is coming to – I've just seen my tailor here.' My advice to George is to stay firmly put until the next General Election. Then the new House of Commons could pick a Speaker they really want, rather than have one lumbered on them by the government.

The impression that there is some basic flaw in the values of monetarism was reinforced on Monday when I visited a Roman

Catholic primary school in Lincolnshire – one of three counties in England which have abolished school dinners in primary schools. The present government allowed them to do this as a device to keep down the rates. So the 90 per cent majority bring sandwiches and thermos flasks of hot soup or coffee from home, and the 10 per cent minority on social security or family income supplement are readily identified by queueing up to collect their one and a half cheese sandwiches, a biscuit and an apple kindly supplied by the authority. They are also allowed a beaker of water. We were assured by teachers and officials that the children themselves felt no sense of discrimination. The irony is that they can't take out the expensive, moth-balled cooking equipment, as many schools will be needed as soup kitchens in the event of a nuclear war. Then the good ratepayers of Lincolnshire will be able to afford a hot midday meal for their children; but not at the moment.

Monetarism doesn't just degrade the poor; it eats into the whole cultural fabric of Britain. The Rayner recommendation to abandon the theatre museum at Covent Garden unless it becomes fully financing, could only have come from a Thatcher government. Her faith in the Marks and Spencer approach embraces the Victoria and Albert museum which has millions of pounds worth of theatre collections lying ready to move to Covent Garden, with the money earmarked in the estimates. But it's a mistake to believe that these exercises have much to do with Sir Derek Rayner – they're farmed out to civil servants, in this case, one Mr F. G. Burrett CB, late of the Civil Service Department. In three months or so he came to the conclusion that the project for the theatre museum should either be privatised or perish. Was it a Royal We? Not at all. It turned out that the whole thing was his own idea. The Philistines are most assuredly amongst us.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ A mother and her three children have had to climb out of a back window for three years because their door is permanently locked. Mrs Berni Tyrell, 23, has lost the key to the door of her home in North Holme Court, Northampton, but the landlords, the town's development corporation, do not keep duplicates. – *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

□ As reported on Radio 4, the interpreters whom the British Deaf Association provided for the Conferences of the four main political parties found great difficulty in translating Mr. Foot's speeches into Sign Language. Without the splendid gestures and the emotional voice, Mr. Foot's actual words had so little meaning that they could hardly be intelligibly transmitted in signs. *The British Deaf News* (W. J. Webster)

□ Dr Anthony Parsons, who runs one of the few other 'morning after' clinics, at Birmingham University, told the symposium: 'There is a fear that if we allow the message of post-coital contraception to spread, doctors will not be able to control what women do.' – *The Times* (Josephine Dollmayer)

LETTERS

Supercilious and snobbish

D. J. Kennally, 15 Gledhow Wood Grove, Leeds

For thirty years I have been a reader of the *New Statesman* and, to the best of my recollection, during this time I have not been induced to write to you on any matter. Now, I feel that I must register some protest at Christopher Price's supercilious and snobbish remarks (NS 25 June) concerning the members of the Militant Tendency. His kind of sneering abuse is presumably what Tony Benn means by 'ya-boo politics'. It does little for the dignity of Mr Price, or the NS.

The gratuitous reference to the parents of Andrew Glyn was, in my opinion, particularly offensive and cowardly. All the people referred to by Mr Price deserve some apology.

If Mr Price wishes to specialise in journalism at this level, then there are plenty of outlets. The readers of your journal are entitled to expect something better.

Warm hearted but muddled?

Norman Langford, 6 Place du Grand Mèzel, Geneva 1204, Switzerland.

Your correspondent in Beirut, Miss Flint (NS 25 June) has a warm heart but a muddled head.

First, on a point of fact, at least half the people of Lebanon, with whose plight Miss Flint sympathises, would be glad to see the last of the Palestinians, although you would not gather this from her article.

Secondly, there are certain deeper questions which Miss Flint and those who think like her (there are more or less overt enemies of Israel, such as Chancellor Kreisky and certain Jewish journalists writing for the French press who are fit subjects for the psychiatrist's couch) should ask themselves. It is, for instance, fashionable to accuse Israel of waging a war which has nothing to do with its survival. Was Britain's survival at stake in 1914, or even in 1939? Was Britain's survival threatened by the Argentine invasion of the Falklands? Was it right to launch a counter-invasion, leading to at least a thousand deaths, and would the British case have been worse if, instead of invading, Argentina had over the years bombarded the Falklands with several hundred rockets, causing considerable loss of life? Would it have made any difference if the British territory under attack had been separated

from hostile forces not by a vast expanse of sea, but by a few miles only?

And would France, a shrill critic of Israel, have refrained from armed intervention, if the Basques in northern Spain, profiting from the connivance or weakness of the Spanish government, had for years been bombarding Biarritz or St Jean-de-Luz?

What are the rights of a State which, like Lebanon, has totally surrendered authority to foreign armies intent on the destruction of a neighbouring State? How far should a State go in allowing its declared enemies to strengthen their position on its borders?

Who protested – apart from the Vichy government – when Anglo-American air forces bombed French towns in 1943 and 1944?

In fact, Israeli public opinion is far more exercised with these issues than was British opinion in 1944, as Mr Kapeliuk's article in the same issue (perhaps involuntarily) bears witness.

Danger to health

John Cunningham, Programme Officer for Indian Sub-Continent War on Want

The *New Statesman* should be congratulated on the article (NS 9 July) by Amrit Wilson – 'Dacca curbs drug companies' which recognises the importance of the recently adopted drugs policy in Bangladesh.

The issue is not simply about who provides the £48m of medicines consumed by Bangladesh each year. It is much more about the ability of governments to adopt policies

in the 1970s the Sri Lankan government approached Pfizer and requested them to cut the manufacture of unnecessary drugs from 40 to 25 per cent. Pfizer refused to modify its production in accordance with the health needs of Sri Lanka. What is more the US threatened to stop all food aid if further action was taken. Similarly in 1974 a contract between Cuba and Bangladesh to supply jute bags was seen '... to be prejudicial to the further commitment of US (PL480) food aid'.

War on Want, along with other European NGOs, has helped to support Gonoshasthaya Kendra – People's Health Centre – which aims to provide preventative health care relevant to the majority of the people. The most recent initiative includes the manufacture and supply of some of the most essential drugs needed in the country. Since before its inception, attempts to thwart the initiative and prevent the manufacture of essential drugs by Gonoshasthaya Kendra Pharmaceuticals have been evident. The alternative which Gonoshasthaya Kendra Pharmaceuticals provides has been given a new impetus by the legislation but only as long as the adopted policy is implemented without the interference of MNCs and those western governments interested in healthy profits rather than healthy people.

It is important therefore that your readership alert the medical profession, political parties and trades unions to the dangers to health which the multinational drug companies pose, and to support this initiative by the Bangladesh government.

Dangerous vision

Gavin Stamp, No. 1 Saint Chad's Street, London WC1

In my article on Berthold Lubetkin in the *Spectator* from which Jules Lubbock quotes so selectively (NS 2 July), I also wrote that 'Lubetkin deserved the Gold Medal years ago; he was a brilliant architect who had enormous influence on his generation.' But I certainly did suggest that Lubetkin was a quintessential 'Parlour Pink' of the Thirties and I am indeed suspicious of the dangerous vanity of a social vision of architecture.

Mr Lubbock may find my criticism of planned working-class housing imposed by an élite of committed modern architects 'devoid of any intellectual merit', but the widespread hatred of high-rise housing by thousands of ordinary people is surely a significant and a worrying modern phenomenon. Lubetkin's post-war flats were certainly much better,

but they are of the same order.

In his wittily arrogant RIBA Gold Medal speech, Lubetkin reaffirmed his faith in 'rationalism' without ever defining what its architectural expression might be. Everything else he condemns. He was contemptuous of post-modernism and 'neo-vernacular', using the easy and tired old jibe that such styles are somehow fascist or Stalinist and so again refused to come to terms with the fact that it has been the housing produced by the Modern Movement which has been most totalitarian in this country. I maintain that to build smaller and more traditional houses in response to popular expectations and aspirations is a more humane and, indeed, socialist approach.

I do wish I had mentioned in my article the story that Lubetkin resigned as architect to Peterlee New Town in 1950, not so much on a matter of principle but after a row about expenses: the great architect, it seems, liked to travel about in a helicopter. The irony is that in this stylish and expensive enthusiasm, Lubetkin anticipated the *chic* of that High Tec architect to modern capitalism, Norman Foster. Anyway, I find the story plausible – at least it undermines the myth of the caring architect building a better society. First and foremost, all architects are concerned with jobs.

Information wanted

Cliff Jordan, Burghfield Peace Camp.

It is good to see the spotlight turned on A.W.R.E. Aldermaston again (NS 2 July); and this time perhaps R.O.F. Burghfield will not be overlooked so much. Britain's nuclear weapons industry does not just involve highly specialised scientists working in seclusion, an almost impenetrable elite, but also a large number of ordinary skilled and unskilled workers. Many of them justify their work on the grounds of there being little alternative employment, while the Government is trying to force enormous new housing estates on the county, to attract more workers to the area.

Meanwhile construction work goes on behind the wire at Burghfield: at least 50 cement lorries entered the factory in the last two weeks of May. Skips of rubble are frequently seen leaving, from at least two places within the site. But as a large proportion of the staff are employed to 'guard' the factory it is very difficult to discover what exactly is being done there, supposedly on our behalf.

Incidentally, this Peace Camp is glad of all information or help anyone can offer, and everyone is welcome to visit.

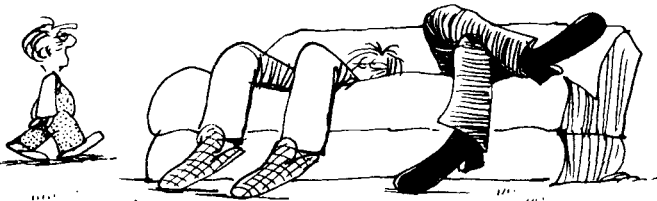


conducive to the needs of the population and to implement these in the face of opposition from the powerful profit-maximising multinational corporations. It is regretted that western governments have a habit of backing the latter. For example,

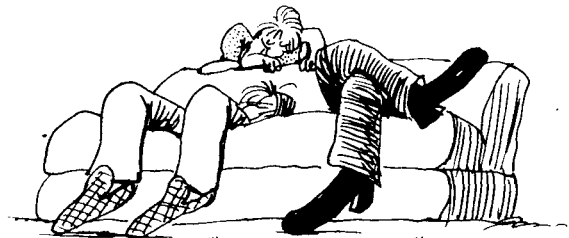
BRETECHER

TOUGH TALKING

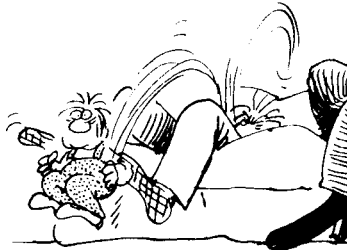
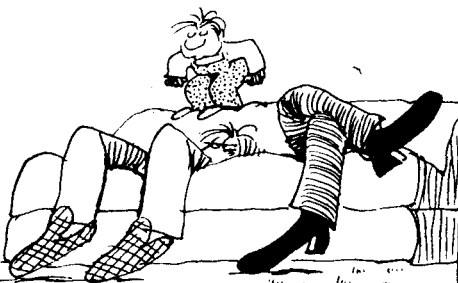
At the Statesman
we've concerned ourselves
with tough issues...



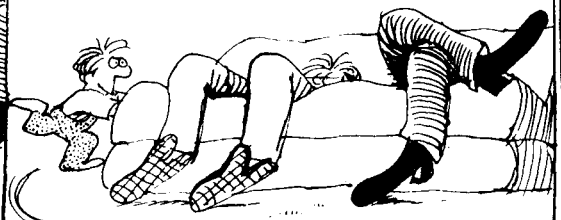
we've fought against
Town Hall Corruption
and against cuts
in local authority spending



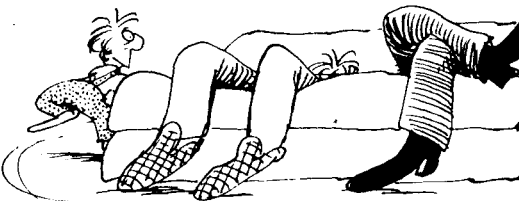
we've attacked
militant Zionism



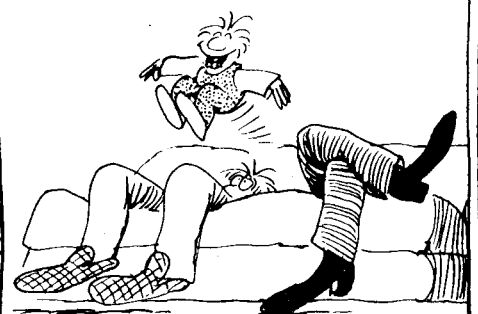
we've fought
the creeping centrism
of the SDP



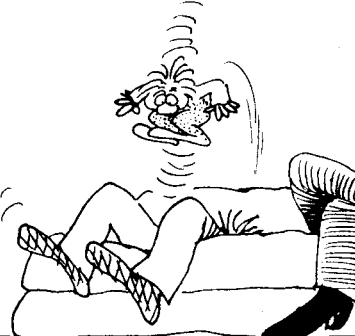
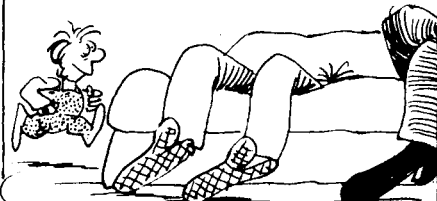
we've always opposed
cultural imperialism
and the exploitation
of the workers
by the media



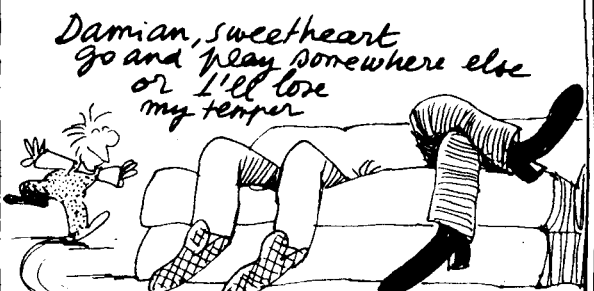
We've blown
the Sus laws
wide open



we've exposed
the drug multi-
nationals and
fought vivisection



at times we've deserved
criticism but no one can say
we take it lying
down

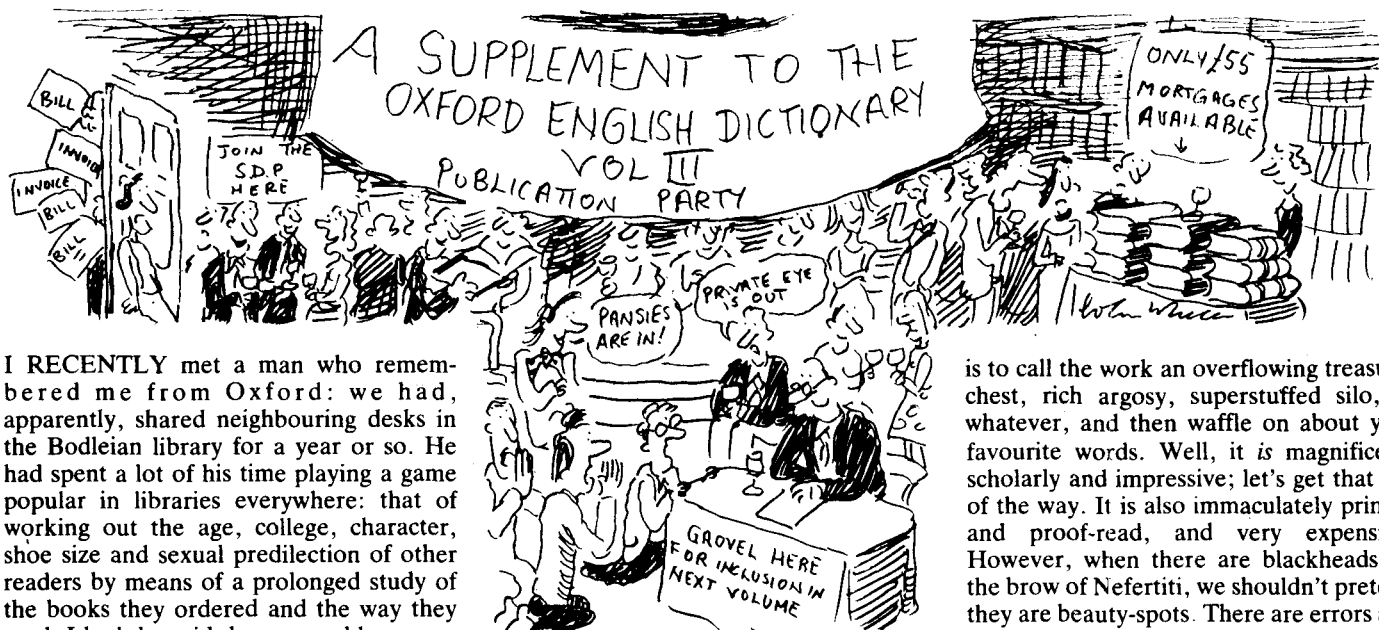


Damian, sweetheart
go and play somewhere else
or I'll lose
my temper

BRETECHER

BOOKS & ARTS

The social democratic phase



I RECENTLY met a man who remembered me from Oxford: we had, apparently, shared neighbouring desks in the Bodleian library for a year or so. He had spent a lot of his time playing a game popular in libraries everywhere: that of working out the age, college, character, shoe size and sexual predilection of other readers by means of a prolonged study of the books they ordered and the way they read. I had, he said, been a problem case: sitting there every day at the same desk, simultaneously reading at considerable speed and with apparently equal interest the works of P. G. Wodehouse, Israel Zangwill, Mark Twain and Gerald Durrell, plus bound copies of the *Eagle*, *Meccano Magazine*, *Penthouse* and *Wisden*. He finally deduced that I was a dim, neurotic, faintly cosmopolitan member of some sporting college, wasting my father's money and the library's time as I dawdled to a pass degree. Almost right, I was able to tell him these many years later: I had been working on the *Oxford English Dictionary Supplement*.

Most institutions, their workings and their products appear quite different from the inside. To the average scrabble-playing consulter, dictionaries – and *a fortiori* the *OED* – appear calm, impersonal and monolithic; they are assumed to be perfect (if a word 'isn't in the dictionary' this suggests fallibility in the word, not in the dictionary); and they are seen as the purest products of academe, the work of disinterested, highly motivated scholars untainted by commercial considerations.

Well, up to a point, Lord Copper. To the insider, dictionaries look fluid and fallible, strapped for cash, neurotic about competition, and caught more frequently than other books by time's wrong-footing: produce one too quickly, and it's imperfect; produce one too slowly, and it's out of date. In addition, dictionaries appear personal compilations, inevitably reflecting the interests and prejudices of their staff; they are variable within themselves (the treatment of scientific words, for instance, has become fuller as the *OEDS* has pro-

JULIAN BARNES discusses the inside and the outside of dictionary making

gressed); and they are swayed by changing lexicographical theory.

At the moment, for instance, we are all social democrats. For a long time we were conservatives; then for 20 years or so – with Webster's Third as the lexicographer's *Lady C* – we were permissive liberals; but now we are social democrats. This is clear both from *The Spoken Word*, a booklet of advice arising from a period of monitoring BBC radio in 1979, and from R. W. Burchfield's rather eccentric preface to Volume Three (how curious for an author to include in his list of acknowledgments 'Liverpool University for their munificence in conferring an Honorary D. Litt. on me in 1978'). In this preface Mr Burchfield notes that 'here and there in the present volume I have found myself adding my own opinions about the acceptability of certain words or meanings in educated use'. These opinions, like those in *The Spoken Word*, are cautious and Jenkinsite. The dictionary doesn't exactly disapprove, but draws our attention to the fact that many other people do: 'the overuse of this word in various loose senses has attracted frequent hostile comment. – Ed.' Popular broadenings of words like *prestigious* and *scenario* are so dealt with (though not *pressurize*, a favourite with the flog-'em school of arm-chair critics). Thus, instead of being either descriptive or prescriptive, the dictionary is now descriptive of prescriptivity: an eminently sensible middle course.

TO SOME extent, these Supplement volumes are unreviewable; the temptation

is to call the work an overflowing treasure-chest, rich argosy, superstuffed silo, or whatever, and then waffle on about your favourite words. Well, it is magnificent, scholarly and impressive; let's get that out of the way. It is also immaculately printed and proof-read, and very expensive. However, when there are blackheads on the brow of Nefertiti, we shouldn't pretend they are beauty-spots. There are errors and imperfections in various fields. Fact: Sancerre, a small hill-town of 2,542 inhabitants (Michelin 1981) is magicked into 'a city' (they were building when I was last there, but not that fast). Etymology: *pee-pee*, sb., is surely not a reduplication of *pee*, but – as the first quote implies – comes direct from French *pipi*. Labelling: if *poof* and *poofier* are 'often considered offensive', what about *queer* and *pansy*, which are hardly intended (or received) as neutrally descriptive. Thin quotation: the evidence for *Sanatogen* runs out with a pointless quote of 1939 from the *Trade Marks Journal*: no mention of the tonic wine's recent rise to fame when Mrs Wilson wrote her 'Diary'. Quarrelling quotations: the first and last quotes for *scrapbook* (as in 'radio scrapbook') argue with one another about when the term started; the editorial matter declines to help out. Omissions: occasionally, an area seems thinly covered, like chess: thus *poisoned pawn* and *Scotch gambit* are both missing. *Prop*, v., in rugby isn't there. Barry Humphries's fanciful *root like a rattlesnake* is in, but not his more popular *point Percy at the porcelain*. 'PMT' isn't in (though its full form is); nor is 'O' (as in 'the big O').

Where definitions err, it is mainly on the side of passivity. A dictionary isn't an encyclopaedia, of course, but some definitions show a marked fear of flying. *Pernod*, is indeed 'the proprietary name of a drink manufactured by the firm of Pernod Fils and used as an aperitif'; but a quick indication of taste and/or colour is surely advisable. Similarly, *Rolex*, 'the proprietary name of a make of watch', declines to explain why the writers cited should decide to use this particular proprietary name rather than, say, Timex or Ingersoll. There is a wary unwillingness to grapple with that protean word *preppy* (now spreading as *camp* once did); *roman fleuve* ('a sequence of self-contained novels') is uneasily arsy-

A Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary, Vol III: O-Scz Oxford £55
The Spoken Word by R. W. BURCHFIELD
BBC £1.95

versy; while a perfectly adequate description of *post-modern* fails to point out that the adjective indicates entirely opposite tendencies in its two main fields of application, architecture and literature.

The historical examples, though, are the glory and the specialness of the *OED*; and they also present a sporting challenge to the reviewer. Surely not *that* late, you think, and set off on a tense and often futile hunt to antedate the *Supplement*. Start, for instance, with three vulnerable-looking first datings in the same area: *retsina* (1940), *Parma ham* (1960) and *salade Niçoise* (1955). Where to look? Durrell? Too late (and doubtless scoured already by the *Supplement* researchers). Connolly's Mediterranean-soaked *The Unquiet Grave* of 1944? A thorough scan draws a blank, though turns up an eight-year antedating of *OEDS* for *querencia* (sense 2). Waugh, with that late-Twenties cruise he took? You try *Labels*: zero. The *Letters*: ditto, though there is the consolation here of a 1929 quote for *pornographica*, which antedates *OEDS* by 37 years. The *Diaries*? Aha: 'The drink that tastes like camphorated oil is called *retsina*, the one that looks like quinine and tastes like aniseed is *ouzo*'. 14 January 1927 – 13 years before *OEDS*. The only flaw in this triumph is that Waugh, foolishly unaware of his chance of lexicographical fame, wrote out the Greek words in *Greek*; which under the *OED*'s severe system, would win him a pair of square brackets. No quote anywhere, of course, for *salade Niçoise*; as for *Parma ham*, whose 1960 example comes from Elizabeth David's *French Provincial Cooking*, this suddenly turns up in an even more obvious place: the same author's *Italian Food* (1954).

First datings sometimes induce an unease which can't immediately be turned into evidence. *Paparazzo* first quoted 1968? (Surely we first became aware of the creature with *La Dolce Vita*?) *Queerness*, in the sense of homosexuality, at 1956? (Isherwood wrote his famous poem 'On his Queerness' in 1943; but alas didn't publish it until later.) *Off-Broadway* first quoted – and from a British magazine – at 1953? (Michael Billington, in *The Fontana Dictionary of Modern Thought*, states that 'the movement and the term date back to 1915'.) *Permanent revolution* – 'a concept attributed to Trotsky' and quoted at 1928 – was surely first used by Marx in his *Address to the Young Communist League* of 1850. *Redness* (in the political sense) looks late at 1940; Richard Le Gallienne's *The Romantic '90s* unexpectedly takes it back to 1926.

Foreign words, not surprisingly, are more rocky than home-grown ones: antedating in this area is often a tricky, hit-or-miss area for the lexicographer. Even so, *résistant* and *résistante* with first quotes of 1967 and 1966 look extremely unconvincing. And indeed, a quick flip through some copies of *Horizon* easily takes both back to June 1945 (Nancy Cunard); doubtless they would go back as far as *Résistance* (1939) with a little pushing.

Even with home-grown words, there are moments of misleading emphasis in the quotations. *Pseud*, for example, is a word indelibly associated with *Private Eye*, and for good reason: they invented it. But

OED's first quote is from the *Spectator* (October 1962), and among the other examples there is just a single 1968 quote from the *Eye* for 'Pseuds' Corner'. Yet issue 3 of the magazine (30 November 1961) has a front cover wishing 'A Merry Christmas to . . . all Ad-men, Brubeck fans, PROs, Bow Groupers, striped shirts and pseuds everywhere'. (And wasn't the word first launched by Ingrams and Co when schoolboys at Shrewsbury? Perhaps the *Salopian* can help.)

THUS, a dictionary and its supplements, however seemingly final and monumental, is only ever work in progress. Nor, as one of the editorial notes in Volume Three confirms, is it necessarily something which stands at a distance from the active language. Commenting on *peccaminous* (held to be obsolete by the *OED* but now resuscitated with a quote from *Ulysses* and one from *Finnegans Wake*), Mr Burchfield notes: 'Still rare. It is the kind of word Joyce may have picked up from the *OED*.' Other writers do the same, treating the *OED* not as a Supreme Court but as a flea market where cast-offs can be acquired at little expense. When Auden was Professor of Poetry at Oxford he would sometimes come in to lunch at Christ Church rubbing his hands and purring over some newly-discovered (i.e. long-obsolete) word he had found in the *OED*; a few months later, the word would turn up in a poem in the latest issue of *Encounter*; and a few years after that, the *OEDS* staff would have to sit down and decide how far Auden's re-use of the word constituted a genuine revival of it, or whether it was merely a nonce-archaism.

A more pragmatic variant on this short-circuiting technique has also been known to take place. Occasionally the *OED Supplement* has been stuck for a later, or better, or even original use of word or phrase, which its exhaustive reading programme has failed to turn up. In such circumstances it has been known for Marghita Laski, the dictionary's dauntless helpmeet, to write a letter to the *Times* containing the required word or phrase: the quotation can then be properly recorded and included in the *Supplement*.

WHICH leads in to the final, aching question all writers ask themselves and others about the *OED*. How do I get in? Clive James, reviewing the second volume of the *Supplement* in these pages, combed the whole thing for quotes from his own work, and drew a faintly testy blank. I have to report – on a probably less careful scouring than his – that I can't find his name anywhere in these 1579 pages either. And the next volume, as everyone doesn't need reminding, is our last chance. So perhaps it's time for a little of the Laski technique. That well-known affectionate diminutive for the NS, 'the Staggers', must surely be enshrined in Volume Four, Se-Z; but it may have fallen slightly out of use in the last few years. So here's a bang up-to-date quote: 'The Staggers contains the finest, longest, most authoritative book reviews of all the weeklies.'

Go on, you guys. Please. □

COLD WAR: M. H. Ryle

The shape of peace

Zero Option by E. P. THOMPSON *Merlin Press* £10 & £3.60

Exterminism and Cold War by E. P. THOMPSON and 14 others *New Left Books* £16.50 *Verso* £5.50

E. P. Thompson, it is unnecessary to insist, has made an unparalleled intellectual contribution to the resurgence of the disarmament movement. His essays of the last two years have now been collected: reading and re-reading them in *Zero Option*, I was struck again by their broad humanist force. In his work for peace, Thompson has sought to mobilise 'every affirmative resource in our culture'. He has not argued from socialist premises, and his interventions have not been confined to the field of 'left culture'.

And yet his work has, of course, particular resonance within that field, where he has for many years represented a tradition of humanist and libertarian Marxism. Now, in *Exterminism and Cold War*, the editors of *New Left Review* present the responses of socialists of three continents, and diverse traditions, to the challenge of his essay 'Notes on Exterminism, the Last Stage of Civilization', which they originally published in 1981. The book is uneven, but finally inspiring – above all, as Thompson writes in his concluding essay, because it opens 'an international discourse of a new kind', whose tone is throughout constructive and fraternal ('fraternal', one must add, also in the restrictive sense: Mary Kaldor apart, all the contributors are men).

This is not to say that there is general agreement with all Thompson's theses, or general acceptance of the category of 'exterminism'. Thompson has contended that both superpower blocs are in the grip of a probably terminal degenerative drift, which more and more provides its own momentum, and which cannot serve the rational pursuit of any self-interest. Military and ideological confrontation between the blocs accelerates this process in both of them: they become, increasingly, 'isomorphous'. Both are consumed by the same internal sickness. Many contributors to *Exterminism and Cold War* criticise this position on the grounds that for the USA, strategic nuclear superiority – now threatened for the first time – has hitherto provided an 'umbrella' for worldwide imperialism. The acquisition of nuclear overkill, however irrational from a global and human standpoint, has been conceived as the instrument of a rational policy: the policy of enforcing American hegemony, by military means (in the Third World) and through anti-communist ideology (domestically and in western Europe), during a period of slow but secular American economic decline. Some of those who advance this argument (Mike Davis, Fred Halliday)

Alison Brackenbury

Moving

There is a place where you would always live –
a village; a grey house; a quiet coast
glimpsed for a moment when you were in love,
brimming to the window of a coach
or scarcely seen at all but in all maps
pulsing like a vein into the heart.

The place I saw was Hastings. But in rain
the endless sea is blind.
Where are the tender lights which we saw strung
from the high room we rented, the long slide
men washed down every day? I twist my head,
see rain-green walls, 'For Sale'. So she is dead,

her great jugs ringed with roses; whose man died,
oh, years before; what was she, eighty? when
she dragged a new case to us on her stairs,
'for my great-niece; another fits inside.'
That was when she showed us the stripped wall
barred, with dark ships' timbers, bulging bare;
on seas of autumn night I heard them creak –
turned house, turned ship – trying to move elsewhere.

also maintain the central pertinence, given these facts, of a traditional, Leninist concept of imperialism, which Thompson's 'exterminism' seeks to displace; others, such as the Medvedev brothers, wish simply to offer an empirical rejoinder to claims of Russian-American 'isomorphism'.

Thompson, reviewing these criticisms in the volume's final essay, warns against over-schematic and perhaps anachronistic modes of reading today's global history; but he puts up no exclusive claim for the power of 'exterminism' as explanatory concept: 'I will not fight for the category . . . provided the problem it indicates is not tidied away'. He has no wish, either, to minimise American responsibility for the crisis. But he forcefully insists that the Cold War is not just a military and economic struggle. It is also, and for Europeans centrally, about politics and ideology, and in these respects the 'Communist international default', the 'long-standing ideological self-blockade' imposed upon the nations of the Warsaw Pact, continues disastrously to impair the strength of the European peace movement. Detecting (rightly) a near-complacency in the Medvedevs' essay, a laying of the burden of struggle exclusively upon western shoulders, he calls for a clear public response from Soviet citizens, which 'must come before the end of 1982'.

THIS BRINGS us to Europe, and to those contributions (by Raymond Williams, Etienne Balibar, Rudolf Bahro and Lucio Magri) which focus most directly upon the opportunities now before the western

European disarmament movement. What one feels here, and especially in the last three essays (Williams's piece was written considerably earlier), is not so much a 'correction' or even 'supplementation' of the movement's strategies from a socialist standpoint, as a dialectical process in which the movement's strengths and characteristics are also prompting a rethinking of European socialism.

This can be partly described in terms of new alignments between people and groups – beginning, in the British case, with the rapprochement between Thompson and the editors of *NLR*. And Thompson must have been delighted, but will perhaps have been surprised, by the openness, the sense of 'men and women as they are' as historical agents, which marks Balibar's essay – Balibar, Althusserian Communist, whose 'general nonsense' Thompson disparaged in *The Poverty of Theory*. (He will have been dismayed, on the other hand, by Bahro's account of Cornelius Castoriadis's *Devant la Guerre*: Castoriadis, a leading French libertarian, would appear to have produced a veritable Cold War tract.)

But the ferment goes deeper than this, agitating and reworking not just factions and alliances but fundamental conceptions. One can describe this historically, as do the editors, as a renewed (or indeed a *first*) confluence between the 'romantic-utopian' and the 'rational-scientific' streams of socialist thought. This, however, remains too academic and traditional a description: what we see is not so much return or rediscovery, as a definitively new (and tardy)

response to the tasks of today and tomorrow. Magri and Bahro argue that the pursuit of peace may ultimately require us to reject European industrial culture as a whole. As Bahro puts it – in words which challenge classical Marxism – 'we must consider . . . not how "historical laws" can as it were be obediently fulfilled, but rather how they can be broken'. Magri takes up the same point in the context of relations between Europe and the Third World: if we are to heal that 'vast clot of suffering and violence' with which our affluence afflicts Southern societies, we can do so only by 'putting into question our own ways of producing and consuming, our whole system of values'.

Insofar as they centrally pose this question of needs, and of their *transformation* (rather than their more adequate or general satisfaction), these two essays break the mould within which most orthodox socialist and Marxist thought has been confined. It follows that they also implicitly invoke a new force of social transformation: the peaceful Europe which they envisage, 'sober in its consumption', giving priority to 'improvement in the quality of living', is to be created, not by the proletariat, but by . . . the peace movement, whose strength, its members will exclaim, remains woefully inadequate for its purely negative task of refusal. And yet perhaps, in the hopeful words of the editors' Introduction, it is precisely by embracing positive goals that the movement will give to that shadowy ideal, peace, 'a tangible social shape capable of inspiring the dreams and loyalties of millions'. □

POPULAR MUSIC: Charles Fox

Roots

Folksong and Music Hall by EDWARD LEE;
Tin Pan Alley by JOHN SHEPHERD; **Jazz and Blues** by GRAHAM VULLIAMY; **Rock 'n' Roll** by DAVE ROGERS *Routledge Popular Music Series*: £5.95 each; £21 for the set of four
Popular Music: A Teacher's Guide by GRAHAM VULLIAMY and EDWARD LEE
Routledge £4.95

'The syphilis of music' was how James Agate described jazz. And somewhere deep in the *Egos* he laments wasting an afternoon watching an Astaire-Rogers movie. Such notions about what was civilised and serious, and what not, were common enough during Agate's lifetime, whether provoked by the sight of a saxophone or the sound of a melody by Gershwin or Berlin. And they were to recur. If crooners were thought of as implying moral decline in the 1930s, the arrival of Elvis Presley, sideburned, sneering and swivelling his hips (when Presley appeared on the Ed Sullivan TV show he was photographed only from the waist up), suggested the final triumph of decadence.

More to the point, however, was what these phenomena really represented, and how they became so universal. The latter was due to the spread of technology: gra-

mophone records brought American music to Britain; the talkies publicised American performers in every British cinema; the microphone even made it possible for Bing Crosby to adopt a person-to-person approach rather than bouncing his voice off the back of the gallery. Even more important, though less easy to grasp at the time, was the supplanting of earlier conventions by the forms and practices of Afro-American music, that fusion which had its beginnings in the cultural cohabiting of black slave and white slave-owner.

These facts of modern life are outlined sensibly enough in four books intended for the classroom. Perhaps the style of exposition will strike NS readers as a bit too obvious (devotees of *Little Arthur's History of England* may even discern a few felicitous parallels), yet the ideas and arguments need putting across. And not only to the young. Ignorance about the worth and significance of this music seems most widespread among those – often in powerful places – who imagine that established standards are unassailable.

Edward Lee's book focuses upon the Industrial Revolution, when city ballads began replacing rural folk songs. Music Hall subsequently reflected the mores – and the local loyalties – of the urban working class (oddly enough, Lee makes no mention of Gus Elen, whose songs were sharper and less schmaltzy than those of Albert Chevalier). And a few mature tear-ducts will be pricked by snapshots of pierrots on the sands and that street performer of not so long ago, the beggar pushing a pram with a wind-up gramophone in it.

John Shepherd tackles the industrialisation of popular music, Tin Pan Alley's mass production methods, beginning with song-writers exploiting ragtime's peppiness rather than Scott Joplin's lilting approach to syncopation. Vernon and Irene Castle made it respectable – or almost – to dance black 'animal dances' such as the Grizzly Bear, the Bunny Hug and the Fox Trot. The rise of song-pluggers, the vital role of radio, the side-effects of the Depression: all these American happenings are put into perspective, yet Shepherd, a sociologist at a Canadian university, is less authoritative when handling the British end. Thousands who listened to late-night broadcasts by Ambrose, or bought records by Ray Noble's New Mayfair Dance Orchestra, will balk at finding pre-war British dance bands dismissed as having been created by the BBC to pass on polite, middle-class values. And Henry Hall's arrival is anticipated by nine years. He took the job over from Jack Payne in 1932.

Similarly, Roy Eldridge did not play in Duke Ellington's orchestra, Billie Holiday never recorded with Count Basie (although she did turn up on a couple of airshots from the Savoy Ballroom), and Louis Jordan was not in bands that featured Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Yet nit-picking of that sort does not really challenge the overall accuracy of Graham Vulliamy's *Jazz and Blues*. It is, though, surprising in a series of this kind that Vulliamy fails to identify the decline in function – the retreat from the dance floor, in fact – as being at least as responsible as the complexities of bebop in creating the breach that opened up in the 1940s between mod-

ern jazz and the black ghetto audiences.

No doubt James Agate would have felt at least half-vindicated had he ever learned that both jazz and rock 'n' roll took their names from euphemisms for sexual congress. Dave Rogers relates how black r-and-b numbers, coming from a tradition packed – like British music hall – with sexual innuendo, had their lyrics bowdlerised for white American record buyers. And then, almost too neatly, the two major strands came together, white country music (the Anglo-Saxon contribution) fusing with black blues: prematurely in the antics of Bill Haley's Comets, more potently in the early singing of Elvis Presley.

After the simplistic but readable prose served up for the pupils, the jargon aimed at teachers seems even denser than usual. Nevertheless, Vulliamy and Lee's guide contains some useful essays, including an agreeably cynical survey of youth cultures, past and present. Indeed, the total achievement of the series is admirable. One quibble, though, concerns the way younger readers are flattered by the assumption that present-day pop songs are automatically more 'realistic' than what went on in the 1930s. Dennis Potter's *Pennies From Heaven* showed that life is subtler than that. And the narrowness of teenage concerns can vex an adult listener reared on the verities of old-time blues. A system of relative values can supposedly equate 'It's my party and I can cry if I want to' with Big Joe Turner, like a latterday Thomas Nashe, bellowing 'You're so beautiful but you gotta die some day'. An opportunity, maybe, for teachers to compare and discuss. □

Among this week's contributors:

JULIAN BARNES, ex-lexicographer, is now television critic of the *Observer* and author of *Metroland* and *Before She Met Me*.

M. H. RYLE is the author of *The Politics of Nuclear Disarmament* (Pluto, 1981).

JUDY COOKE is the editor of the *Fiction Magazine*.

JONATHAN MIRSKY is a specialist in Chinese affairs who writes regularly for the *Observer*.

JULES LUBBOCK teaches art history at the University of Essex.

NINA HIBBIN, our guest television critic, was for some years film critic of the *Morning Star*. WILLIAM BOYD is on holiday.

ARTHUR MARSHALL is not back 'among this week's contributors', but his fans will be glad to know that Hamish Hamilton are soon to publish another collection of his NS columns. *Smile Please: Further Musings from Myrtlebank* is due out on 26 August at £6.95.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index to Vol. 102 (July-December 1981) is now available, price £1.25 post free, from the publisher

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Shorter reviews

Wild Lilies Poisonous Weeds: Dissident Voices from People's China edited by GREGOR BENTON *Pluto Press* £4.95

Everyone knows about Russian dissidents and occasional foreign voices are raised to help them a bit. Their Chinese counterparts, probably in much larger numbers and genuine workers, are nearly invisible and kept that way by friends of China who find them embarrassing.

In 1957 Mao estimated China's class enemies at 30 million (the year before he had identified 100,000 among primary-school teachers alone), and he never put the number lower than two per cent of the population, which in a country of 1,000 million agitates the authorities.

Every now and again brave Chinese citizens have asked out loud for a bit – or a lot – more liberty. Gregor Benton has selected some of the best known writings of the stars of the Democracy Movement, 1979 to 1980, all of whom are now behind bars or breaking rocks in a camp. Most of these essays, polemics and memoirs appeared first in one of China's short-lived semi-underground magazines. Benton has included, too, a few classic dissident essays, like the 1942 'Wild Lilies' which caused its author, Party member Wang Shirwei, to become Mao's first famous intellectual critic to be shot. The Chairman subsequently said he was sorry.

Benton offers, for example, an essay by Wei Jingsheng, the key figure at the now defunct Democracy Wall, who is serving 15 years. Wei asks the leadership if they hold office legally, an infuriating question for the Dengists who pride themselves on their restoration of legality. Liu Qing, the man who published the transcript of Wei's 'public trial' and is now in gaol for doing so (without trial), smuggled out a prison diary, which points out that real criminals at least appear in court.

As Benton says, these dissidents, unlike those in Russia, are nearly all factory workers, many of whom are ex-red Guards who learned what the system was like while tearing it apart, during the Cultural Revolution.

One of them said 'Mao is just a peasant with a military cap' and wondered whether the Chairman was a Marxist. In April 1977, about six months after Mao's death, the prisoner was found guilty of an extremely serious crime – unspecified – and shot. One of his accusers said 'It would be disloyal to Chairman Mao not to kill this person.'

Jonathan Mirsky

Engineers at War 1939-1945 by RICHARD CROUCHER *Merlin Press* £10 & £4.80

The title of this book has a double meaning: the class war between engineering employers and engineering workers and the war waged for nearly six years against the fascist powers.

The Second World War changed Britain from a country of high unemployment to one in which, almost from the moment war was declared, there were labour shortages. But at the outbreak of war, craft unions, such as the 750,000-member Amalgamated Engineering Union, were still dominant, and restrictive practices dating from the previous century were everywhere in shipbuilding and engineering. How then would the AEU, and similar unions, react to the nation's urgent need for more engineering workers? From the government's point

of view the unions' reaction was favourable. The AEU agreed to what was called dilution of labour and, as in the 1914-18 war, to the employment of women in the armaments factories.

Yet this was at a time when Communists were winning commanding positions as AEU National Organisers and on the Executive Council of the union. This dominance of the Communists was, however, to be an advantage to the government, especially when, after the Nazi invasion of the USSR in June 1941, the 'imperialist war' became 'a people's war'.

Communist policy was changed instantly and directed towards increasing the output of armaments, making workshop joint production committees more effective, and counteracting the influence not only of Britain's small anti-war Trotskyist movement but also of those older, radical militants who believed that, war or no war, the struggle to improve wages and working conditions must go on.

The struggle did go on, and the right to strike was upheld despite wartime compulsory arbitration and defence of the realm regulations under which strikers could have been sent to jail. There were strikes about wages, about the dismissal of active shop stewards and about the innumerable other matters that arise daily in industry.

Richard Croucher, who is a full-time tutor in trade union education, has recalled the wartime activities of Britain's engineering trade unions in what is evidently well-researched detail, thus adding a much appreciated chapter to the recorded history of trade unions in this century.

Andrew Boyd

Literature and Gentility in Scotland by DAVID DAICHES *Edinburgh* £6

At gatherings of contemporary Scots writers, those present, generally maddened by strong drink, deplore the loss of our National Identity. This they attribute to the loss of that idiosyncratic speech last employed in its purity by Montrose in the composition of his own obituary.

Now David Daiches, most amiable of patriots, adds his voice to this melancholy chorus. What he does not know about the growth of our language isn't knowledge: its small beginnings as an English dialect; its evolution into a major European tongue; its flowering as a written language in close relationship to daily spoken speech. In *Literature and Gentility in Scotland* he provides chapter and, almost exclusively, verse (Scott is mentioned only in passing) to illustrate and regret its decline into that degraded product best heard in Kelvin and in Morningside ('Six sex of flex').

What he does not do is to examine both the inevitability of, and the necessity for, this process. Our genius is for action rather than reflection. We are all natural Dominies. The 'Courtliest' of our poets never hesitated to admonish, while flattering, their patrons. Since the Reformation we have had to choose between instructing all peoples that on earth do dwell in a foreign language, or joining the English-speaking race. While it is possible to sympathise with the fury of Hugh MacDiarmid, for whom Professor Daiches has a very soft spot indeed, at our linguistic sacrifice, it does seem to have been a fair price to pay for comprehension. It was, after all, that not invariably sober zealot, who warned:

Gin I canna win through to the man in the street,
The wife by the hearth,
A' the cleverness on earth'll no' mak' up
For the damnable dearth.

And a damnable dearth there would have been if Fleming and Simpson had had to communicate their benevolent observations in a language, however otherwise admirable, which was incomprehensible to their audience.

Bruce Hepburn

Scotland, Multinationals and the Third World edited by STEPHEN MAXWELL
Mainstream Publishing £6.50

22 May 1981 is a day that will long leave a painful scar on Scotland's collective consciousness. It was the day that Peugeot-Citroen closed the Talbot car plant at Linwood with the loss of 4,700 jobs. In the aftermath of that tragic decision, the Linwood workforce voted by two to one to reject their shop stewards' advice to fight the closure. It was the awful inevitability of it all that was so depressing.

It is Stephen Young and Neil Hood's account of the Linwood story that is the most fascinating contribution to this mixed bag of essays. They trace the wheeling and dealing of Rootes, Chrysler and Peugeot-Citroen and the flawed and faltering role of successive governments in the various doomed attempts to construct a viable car industry in Scotland. The story provides a good example of how the multinational interests of large companies enable them to blackmail their workers and the government by threatening to switch production to plants in other countries. It also illustrates the inability of any government or trade union to combat this problem.

The strength of their analysis rests on the detailed history of their example – a compliment that does not apply to all the essays in the collection. One of John Firth's contributions suggests that the case against multinational companies as exploiters of the Third World is 'not proven' and their effect on the Scottish economy has been 'positive'. This hardly fits with Stephen Maxwell's conclusion that discrimination in favour of foreign capital has damaged the Scottish economy. Firth's assertion that Scotland can face the long-term future 'with some optimism' contrasts with Maxwell's belief that the recession may have injured the native sector of the Scottish economy 'beyond the hope of recovery', and that the challenge of Scottish development 'is of Third World dimensions'. Sadly, it is Maxwell's bleak perspective that rings true.

Rob Edwards

Murder Must Appetize by H. R. F. KEATING
Lemon Tree Press £5.95

This stroll through the snobberies of the Thirties is overtly sentimental. Yet nostalgia is not the whole of Keating's business in these brief pages reprinted from 1975 in a limited edition with cleverly titled contemporary illustrations and a 'Who's Who' of mystery writers in the Thirties as appendix. There is also the detective, seen astutely as a persona, or 'brand label' for the 'inner little man who finally turns the tables (alas, more often in imagination than in reality)' – the Thirties gentleman as 'knight errant of old' who embodies 'the fallible being who can yet thwart evil'; and there is the period. Keating knows his policemen, his servants and his detectives; and has them all firmly in place. For all its insouciance, his blithe and detached commentary is wry about those 'snobberies'. There is a point where Keating seems to come closer to Mark Twain's Connecticut Yank, that 'champion of unsentimental common sense and reason' entering the lists to 'either destroy knight errantry or become its victim' when he speaks of 'the Spirit of the Rational asserting in a world of doubts and mysteries that the human brain can do mighty things'. In the end it is the story that predominates and, though the detective novel is and will remain trivial, it is no mean concern considering that Keating drily pursues his chosen theme into 'the full blast of war'. It is all in all, a recalling of an old-fashioned 'humanity', one that these stylish pages are imperceptibly bringing up-to-date.

Angela Harding

FICTION: Judy Cooke

Travel shock

Talking to Strangers by GERALDINE HALLS
Constable £6.95

A Joke Goes a Long Way in the Country by
ALANNAH HOPKIN Hamish Hamilton £7.95

Four Frightened People by E. ARNOT
ROBERTSON Virago £3.50

Ordinary Families by E. ARNOT ROBERTSON
Virago £3.50

There could be a literary dossier building up compiled of novels that examine a peculiarly painful condition of modern life, traveller's angst; and, in particular, the form which attacks women travelling alone, perhaps for the first time after years of male companionship and the responsibilities of children. Atwood, Drabble, Lessing, Mortimer, Tindall – they have all described 'this world which was like an immense extension of the foyer of the Royal Park Hotel' and Geraldine Halls's *Talking to Strangers*, from which the quotation is taken, is a further exploration of the theme. It is a skilful, witty novel and makes a good introduction to the work of this Australian writer.

The book is set in Tokyo, where Ebba Powell is waiting for her husband Adrian to join her on their way back to England. She can only speculate on the reason for his delay, and has become a familiar figure to the charming Japanese receptionists who disappoint her daily enquiries for news. The Powells' marriage has always been threatened by Ebba's ties with her Australian family, a clamorous gang dominated by a selfish mother; their recent reunion was a disaster in which everyone behaved badly. Sitting alone in her hotel room, Ebba tries to make sense of her life. She writes letter after letter to her mother, attacking, complaining, eventually tearing the messages to shreds. She drifts into an appalling affair with the relentless Wilbur from California – and into an even more horribly comic entanglement with his friend Philip. And all the while Tokyo calms and flatters, and her own sense of foreboding grows monstrous large. Adrian's arrival puts a stop to it but in a way that the reader, as well as Ebba, has begun to dread. The scope of the drama is deliberately restricted and this makes it all the more real. A powerful study of relationships, excellently paced.

A Joke Goes a Long Way in the Country is a lively, rather disjointed first novel which makes one curious to see what Alannah Hopkin will do next. The young heroine, Alex Buckley, journeys between Ireland and England, innocence and experience – and between Tomas, Digger, Andy and Hugh, all good men and true but too many, too soon. The narrative adds to the sense of confusion by switching backwards and forwards from first to third person and it is interspersed with a wide range of comment and quotation about the state of Ireland. At the end of the story, we are let into the joke. An old man in a bar

assures us that 'any woman paints her toenails, she's either a lady or a whore'. Alex is content with the definition as it seems to apply to her; if there's an implied comment on the state of the Ould Country throughout the novel, it's a kindly one. What I liked best here was the prolific story-telling and the snatches of melody which are so often a virtue in Irish prose. The descriptive writing is good.

The cloud had lifted and it was perfect sunny weather with light breezes – a 'pet day' . . . They took one of their drinks over to the stone wall besides the yellow water pump and leant against the horse's trough looking out across the green meadow to the cliffs and blue sea beyond.

'I back the British Museum Reading Room against travel, it's much easier to keep a sense of proportion about flies, heat and smells for instance, from a distance than when living among them.' Thus, and mistakenly, E. Arnot Robertson, a novelist of the Thirties whose most successful book *Four Frightened People* describes a romantic adventure set in the jungles of Malaya. The story begins promisingly with an outbreak of bubonic plague on board ship; the captain conceals the facts and there is a real sense of danger about the escape made by the heroine, the two rivals for her love and the loquacious Mrs Mardick, a busybody who stumbles across the truth and has to be taken to safety in a fishing boat. Once in the jungle, credibility is lost. The eternal triangle is played out as it might be over the coffee breaks in the Reading Room canteen; it seems to have nothing to do with the detailed descriptions of liana roots, semi-poisonous thorns and crocodile-infested rivers. The heroine is a totally unconvincing doctor, torn between her decent love for Stewart and her physical passion for Arnold. She can't get away from Mrs Mardick's powers of observation – 'Isn't it ridiculous how boyish all men look when they're asleep' – and so abandons this character (based, apparently, on the author's mother) to the mercy of the natives. There's a certain period charm about it all – the camp-fire discussions on the influence of the young Aldous Huxley, for instance – but the book never comes to terms with its central theme, which is the confrontation between nature and civilisation. Instead, we are treated to the insidious, watered-down prejudice which mars so much of the light reading from those years: foreigners are tricky or funny, Brit is beautiful.

I preferred *Ordinary Families* (1933), a less ambitious work, based on Arnot Robertson's own childhood and adolescence. The central character here is entirely credible: self-conscious, intelligent, overshadowed by her beautiful sister, under-valued by her breezy, boating parents. The action takes place in Suffolk. The plot revolves round marriage and family rivalry. There is a certain exasperating honesty about a writer who believed that 'women are physically, mentally and morally . . . inferior to men and always will be.' You can still meet her type, except that her absolute judgments will now be absolutely reversed. Polly Devlin puts up a spirited defence of the lady in her introductions to both books. Still, an odd choice for Virago. □

DESIGN: Jules Lubbock

Model citizen

Dieter Rams Boilerhouse Project, V&A, till 19 August

In the Sixties Braun appliances were synonymous with Good Design; toast was crisper when it popped up from behind a perfectly proportioned sheet of shining chromium. Dieter Rams, who designed these talismans of a well-ordered life, is just the man you would expect. He lives in a modern glass-house, equipped with his own gadgets, which he regards as the mechanical successors to the perfect English butler. His obsession with tidiness extends to collecting the litter on his country walks. A model citizen.

His attitudes are characteristic of a veneration for industrial society which the British lost long ago but other nations retain. We count the costs of the trashy mass-productions of the dirty steam-engine and take refuge in ruralism; they minimise the squalor and enjoy the benefits of smoothly-working machinery. We lament the disappearance of fine craftsmanship; they regard the new skills as extensions of the old. And they are right. For James Watt cabinet-making was the best apprenticeship for engineering. Rams was originally a carpenter, so perhaps his products are the cabinet-making of the 20th century. Indeed his liquidisers are already moving out of the kitchen on to the mantelpieces of an eager band of collectors.

One may mock, but his idealistic belief in mass-production as the instrument of mass enlightenment was partially responsible for the German economic miracle. From the same period one recalls the British upper classes decrying cars outside council houses – it was only to be expected that our manufacturers paid little attention to visual qualities, and not surprising that export markets preferred our marmalade to our electric toasters.

So should we now follow Braun's example? Yes, if it means taking design seriously; but no, if it means slavishly copying them. Their approach is outmoded. They make an exquisite pocket calculator, with prettily coloured buttons which click satisfyingly when pressed. But the innards are Japanese, and a wristwatch calculator, with a game, is less expensive. The timeless perfection of Sheraton in plastic is commercially disastrous when technological innovation is rapid and low unit costs are called for. Braun, AEG and other German success stories are foundering under Japanese competition. Casio and Sony have ditched Good Design in favour of 'good-enough design', which is cheaper and can be continuously updated.

One problem with the Boilerhouse is that its lessons are drawn from history, however recent. But the crucial revival of British industry will not result from the imitation of past successes and present failures. As surely as Sony have overtaken Braun, so someone else will overtake Sony. In product design history is bunk! □

Excelsior

Jim Dine Waddington
Julian Schnabel Tate
Acquisition in Focus National Gallery
Gwen John Anthony d'Offay

One feels sorry for American artists. Some 25 years ago they were suddenly jerked out of their gentle provincial preoccupation with the realism of the American scene and given an enormous flag to carry. The School of Paris was expiring, New York's Abstract Expressionism looked good and from now on the forward march of the European tradition was to be led from across the Atlantic. Ever since then, with increasing weariness and desperation, the Americans have been pursuing their 'Excelsior' into rockier and rockier wastes.

Jim Dine is a particularly sad case, a man who, one guesses, would have been happy as a small back-street realist, making heart-felt if rather banal drawings of simple things. As it is, he has been forced to go big, to make gestures and draw attention to himself. The main motifs in his latest show are a St Valentine's heart and a piece of scrolled ironwork from a gate, over and around which Dine drips, scrabbles and fudges his paint, sometimes in colours, sometimes in black and white, but always with total aimlessness. The motifs remain stolidly, drearily unaffected by all the goings-on, refusing to take life or meaning, to be anything but what they are, the artist's arbitrary starting-point. In the end they become almost symbols of imaginative aridity and one feels touched by Dine's disaster. Couldn't he get one gate or one heart to act up for him, to respond to all his chivvying? Or is the effect deliberate, a kind of last plea to his public: release me from this ghastly burden of being a significant artist on a grand scale?

Julian Schnabel, 16 years younger than Dine, seems at first a less sympathetic victim of the American disaster. His demand for attention is more aggressive, his gestures are made with quantities of assorted plates and broken crockery attached to the surface as well as tubes-full of paint, his canvases are huge and sometimes even built out at you: in short he gives the impression of wanting to knock you down rather than to elicit your pity. But it is all a cover-up. Strip away the crockery and the furrows of impasto, as Schnabel unwisely does in the series called *Starting to Sing*, and the imaginative starvation becomes obvious. An enormous blown-up copy of Artaud's self-portrait, for instance, is an imitation of Warhol's famous treatment of the Marilyn Monroe photograph, writ larger and cruder. So the crockery is not just a surface gimmick, it is more or less the extent of Schnabel's idea, his contribution to the great march forward. As such it has the pathos, though not the delicacy, of those pictures made from the working parts of watches which you can pick up



Schnabel's 'enormous blown-up copy of Artaud's self-portrait'

along the Hyde Park railings. Most of the Schnabels in this exhibition have already been picked up by Charles and Doris Saatchi, but the Tate, cloth-eyed as ever in the matter of contemporary purchases, has managed to secure one for itself and us.

The National Gallery has made a better purchase: Claude's *Psyche Outside the Palace of Cupid*, usually known as *The Enchanted Castle*. It is the first in a new series of exhibitions called 'Acquisition in Focus'. Michael Wilson, the Gallery's Deputy Keeper, who has organised the exhibition and written an accompanying booklet, has a refreshing attitude to art history: 'the wide acceptance of an authoritative, historical account of Claude's art has tended to deter other approaches... the picture's meaning changes according to the ideas and aspirations that the spectator brings to it'. *The Enchanted Castle*, which inspired Keats's famous lines about 'magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn', illustrates Wilson's Borgesian notion particularly well. Paintings, like works in literature, can grow with the accretion of later interpretations. Wilson shows us the drawings in which Claude worked out his composition and the various borrowings he made from Italian architecture for the Castle itself, but he (Wilson) has also collected reactions from casual visitors to the gallery which lend the painting a kind of 1982 patina. The reactions are mainly psychological or literary, veering between feelings of loneliness and of Arcadian peace, but one can

do the same things in visual terms. The solitary, heavily-built figure of *Psyche* in the foreground is, as Wilson demonstrates, closely based on an engraving after Michiel Coxie, but it is also distinctly Picassan, just as the rocks in the earliest sketch might have been drawn by Cézanne.

The scales containing Augustus John and his sister Gwen have tipped for the moment decisively in her favour. Anthony d'Offay's exhibition, with a fine catalogue essay by Michael Holroyd, Augustus's disloyal biographer, is mainly of small, private drawings showing cats and girls, nuns and flowers, though it also contains oil portraits borrowed for the occasion. The studied reticence and absence of bombast is rather overwhelming, especially after a session with Schnabel or with the fashionable representatives of Italian, German and American 'bad painting' (including more Schnabel) gathered in d'Offay's other gallery. Nevertheless, one shouldn't get Gwen John out of proportion, as Augustus surely did in 1942: 'the greatest woman artist of her age, or, as I think, of any other'. Maybe there wasn't that much competition in 1942, but the terms of his encomium are absurdly inflated. There's not much variety in her work — the prevailing note is sensitive melancholy — and no attempt to extend her range. 'These are very good, but I prefer my own', she said of an exhibition of Cézanne watercolours. That kind of complacency is perhaps the English disaster, as going up the hill with nothing to say but Excelsior is the American. □

THEATRE: Benedict Nightingale

Relativities

Insignificance by TERRY JOHNSON *Royal Court*

Duck Hunting by ALEKSANDR VAMPILOV *Latchmere*

People Show 87 ICA

Insignificance puts me in mind of a game of Consequences. Albert Einstein met Marilyn Monroe in a hotel room. He said to her, 'Knowledge is not truth'; she said to him, 'Now you have to show me your legs'; and the consequence was a blinding flash of white light, presumably signifying the neutron bomb. Well, all right, it's not quite as arbitrary as that. And, if Terry Johnson is to be believed, his Professor, Actress, Ball Player and Senator are only glancingly to be identified with Einstein, Monroe, and two other famous names of 1953: Joe Di Maggio, in an ecstasy of raging perplexity at his wife's infidelities, and the boozy *Führer* of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Joe McCarthy. Yet Johnson's disclaimer seems disingenuous, since Ian McDiarmid, a frail, earnest figure with white mane and walrus moustache, and Judy Davis, part inquisitive waif, part blonde bombshell, don't exactly seek to disguise their factual provenance. Besides, would we be half as amused and intrigued as we are if they and the others really were anonymous emblems of abstract American dilemmas? Surely it's their very specific identities that make (for instance) a somewhat Stoppardian disquisition on relativity so entertaining to hear.

There are several such quirky pleasures to be had in the theatrical trek Mr Johnson offers us, but its pattern and aim aren't so apparent. I suppose you could say that here are three individualised archetypes, brains, beauty and brawn, all helplessly aware of their particular limitations and deficiencies, and all ultimately in the power of the one character without brains, beauty or even brawn, the sweaty bigot from the most mean-minded Congress in American history. At any rate, this rough beast insults and assaults Monroe, sweet-talks Di Maggio, and slouches off to the shredder with Einstein's attempts to find a unified theory of space and time; and none of them really resists, least of all Einstein, who is afraid that his newest doodlings could cause complications uglier even than his $E=mc^2$. Yet much of the play remains unexplained and, at least for those seeking overall sense, perhaps inexplicable too. A reviewer who accuses a writer of not having thoroughly thought out his play lays himself open to the counter-accusation of not having thoroughly thought it out himself; but it would, I suspect, take a critical Einstein to discern coherent and consistent shape in Mr Johnson's educated musings.

The trouble with Soviet drama, in my inevitably limited diagnostic experience, is that it suffers from the most insidiously destructive disease known to art, terminal harmlessness. It tends to be bland, and

often manages to be oppressively upbeat, even when it renounces social subject-matter for personal relationships. How refreshing, then, to come across **Duck Hunting**, a play astringent enough about sex, marriage and other such matters to appeal to the most case-hardened Western critic: by which I don't (I think) mean negative enough, mechanically cynical enough, or sufficiently like the menopausal serio-comedies, set in Hampstead or Esher, that have recently flooded our own poor theatres. Aleksandr Vampilov, who has become increasingly popular in the USSR since his premature death in 1972, was clearly an observant, cutting, yet not ungenerous writer. He also seems to have managed to be distinctively Russian without becoming narrowly or exclusively so.

To be sure, there are some minor cultural barriers between us and the play. Toasts, it seems, have their own rules and rituals; and it is clearly rude for a host to quaff a vodka before his guests. But, if we don't know how much weight to give to such solecisms, we can hardly miss the social criticism implicit in the play. Work, in this case in a Central Bureau of Technical Information, is mind-crushingly tedious. Success seems to depend on dining the boss, flattering his erratic ego, and keeping him ignorant of your imaginative short-cuts. Displease him, and your family may fail to get what it most wants, one of the tiny but treasured apartments he has in his gift.

This already amounts to more than the mildish critique of bureaucratic inadequacies most Soviet dramatists permit themselves, or are permitted; and Vampilov quietly pushes the attack further still. Boredom creates ennui and alienation, or at least would seem to be one explanation for the caddishness and despair of the main character. He betrays his wife with other women, betrays them in turn, insults his friends and then, when they riposte by sending him a funeral wreath, shoves his duck-hunting gun against his chest and dangles his toe over the trigger. A social point is being made, but also, of course, not merely or even mainly a social point. In creating this character, with his swoops of mood, his anger and nihilism, self-pity and self-destructiveness, Vampilov was surely reaching down into a Russian id and ego that long preceded the Revolution and will no doubt long survive it. Indeed, what gives the play most interest is the light it not-unsympathetically sheds on aspects of the national temperament still unreconstructed by socialism.

But it needs greater voltage than some performances in Lou Stein's production seem capable of bringing to it. Frankly, it's a bit unevenly acted. As for the latest **People Show**, what's a critic to say? Caroline Hutchinson and Emil Wolk are their usual impressive selves as, respectively, a woman half-poisoned by a singularly ill-disciplined spaghetti restaurant and her simian lover, taking the rap for attempted murder in a cage on the edge of a rain-forest; and only irredeemably rectilinear minds, like mine, will trouble themselves very much with the whys and wherefores of the situation. Best enjoy the wild imagings while ignoring the silliness and facetiousness. If you possibly can. □

TELEVISION: Nina Hibbin

Pinball

WHOEVER thought of bringing back a soccer play — Jack Rosenthal's *Another Sunday and Sweet F.A.* (Granada) — during World Cup week deserves to be shown the red card and sent off the field for judgment most foul. There's a time and place for everything, and even addicts need a chance to dry out a little. If I had a golden cup award I'd give it to the inspired selector of another of the week's innumerable repeats — the delightfully subversive *One Hundred and Eighty!!!* (BBC-1). Slap bang in the middle of the sports mania epidemic Rita May's genial comedy about a group of women in a Yorkshire village who stage a pub sit-in to bring their darts-mad husbands to their senses took on an extra resonance and provided the perfect antidote. Watching it for a second time, with no worries about what was going to happen next, and with time to dwell on its pithy colloquial humour and its highly original characterisations, I felt it to be a true TV classic.

Soccer, for those not hooked on it (which is most of us, if you think about it), doesn't have much sparkle on the TV screen. Its scale is all wrong. You can get little sense of physical effort or individual skill by watching 22 pin-men scurrying over an acreage of green that has no relative dimensions until the goal-posts come fleetingly into view. Only when a player is kicked in the groin or carried off on a stretcher is the camera able to provide a glimpse of the human being inside the football machine.

Small is beautiful on the TV screen, which gives Wimbledon the edge on Spain. Not that the idea of watching a couple of muscular millionaires duelling over a money prize was a particularly tempting option. But the court fitted neatly into the screen and the carefully sited cameras were able to swing you practically on to the baseline, alongside the players. You could savour the finer details of their skills. You could feel their nervous tension and implacable driving force. You could almost smell their sweat. The regular bouts of applause gave the games a sit-com framework in which lost tempers and tangles with the umpire were all part of the show. The week's most potent dramatic moment didn't arise from the star casts of Noel Coward's two lumpish plays on BBC-1. It came at the end of the Men's Singles Final (BBC-1 & 2), with a close-up of McEnroe's there-and-then face frozen into a mask of desolation and loss.

THE ABILITY of TV to mix up time contexts does odd things to one's perceptions. Seeing, within the space of a few days, the 1939 John Wayne as the amiable hero of *Stagecoach* (BBC-2) and the 1960 John Wayne as Colonel David Crockett in *The Alamo* (BBC-2), when middle-age and political ambition were shaping him into the ultimate screen symbol of male, white,

flag-waving jingoism, was a weird and informative experience; while *Walks Far Woman* (BBC-1) is an example of the way the Civil Rights movements have transformed the image of American Indians on the TV screen over the past two decades. Set in a Sioux community around the time of Custer's last stand, it unfolds a simple tale of a gritty young woman's battle to maintain a free, nomadic life-style in the face of encroachment by the white settlers' wars and laws.

Production companies haven't yet got round to casting Indian players in lead roles (they have no star value), so there's Raquel Welch instead. She's very effective, as it happens, and although her presence adds to the film's romantic gloss, it doesn't detract from its clear-cut pro-Indian sympathies.

Walks Far Woman was filmed for TV in 1979. It portrays the Sioux as lively individuals showing a highly-developed sense of fair play and communal living. Made 40 years earlier, *Stagecoach*, which opened BBC-2's season of John Ford films, represents the Indians as brutal and mindless savages.

In terms of visual imagery, pace and narrative style, *Stagecoach* knocks spots off *Walks Far Woman*. But in human terms, it's the other way round. The TV time warp has a worrying capacity for undermining the progress of ideas and perpetuating the sins of the past.

TIME seemed to have somersaulted backwards for the 'Man Alive' debate *Adam and the Ape* (BBC-2), which had Lord Soper and Professor Michael Rose in confrontation with an excitable and very vocal audience from the Institute for Creation Research in California. A hundred years after Darwin's death it was startling to hear new-style American creationists arguing that the first chapter of *Genesis* is a literal truth and that there is scientific evidence to prove it. Nick Ross, in the chair, did well to keep a low profile and to let the battle gather its own momentum.

Naturally, neither side convinced the other, especially as the creationists seemed incapable of answering a direct question. The programme's real success was its fascinating demonstration of the mechanics of demagoguery.

THE four-part serial *Something in Disguise* (Thames) has done away with a time context altogether. The long-suffering women and obnoxious men in Elizabeth Jane Howard's family saga are neither of the 1960s when the book was written nor of the 1980s, to which, according to *Radio Times* (but not to my perception) the action has been updated. Untouched by the social upheavals of either period and with no cohesive style to bind them together, the characters, although individually well-portrayed, seem to have strayed in from other dramas and to have met and married at random.

I shall stay with it, because I think it is trying to tell me something about women's lot in a man's world. But this far on, its voice is still, small and a trifle querulous. □

FILMS: John Coleman

Bad trips

Pink Floyd The Wall (AA) *Empire*
Firefox (AA) *Warner 2; Columbia;*
ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware
Roads

Once upon a time, and a very noisy time it was, Peter Townshend and The Who wrote and performed a rock opera, *Tommy*, which was to provide Ken Russell with all the excuses he needed for his most visually exciting film ever. That *Tommy*, on our screens in 1975, was very approximately about a war baby born around VE Day whose presumed dead pilot dad returned scarred to find mum in bed with Oliver Reed, who killed dad for real, when small boy went deaf, dumb and blind. Grown up, the lad becomes pinball champion of the world, regains his senses after assorted tortures, is hailed as a new Messiah by Holiday Camp followers everywhere, then set upon by them in an orgy of destruction: after which, he is free to climb a mountain and worship at his own image. The analogy with the fitful career of a pop singer hardly needed underlining.

Then, just last year, there was Ralph Bakshi's pathologically private animated hymn of hate and horror, *American Pop*, where the latest bastard scion of a Russian emigré family was discovered making a cute transition from drug dealing to rock superstardom.

And so one inevitably comes to **Pink Floyd The Wall** with some sense of having been here before. 'The Wall' was an album, substantially down to Roger Waters, and a hugely successful stage happening designed by Gerald Scarfe, with the barrier being erected brick by brick on stage and Scarfe animations of marching red, black and grey hammers suddenly highstepping across from three projectors: a stunning *coup de théâtre*, by all accounts. Now, accompanied by angst-ridden publicity about how frightful they found the experience of working in troika, there is 'an Alan Parker film', 'by' Roger Waters, 'designed by' the redoubtable Scarfe.

And it is all about the very bad time a top rock and roll singer Pink (Bob Geldof) is not just seen to be having but had, blow by blow, from little boyhood up. Image after image of both live action and animation shows the bairn mourning a soldier dad killed at Anzio, crawling sickly into bed with mum, cringing as a harsh teacher scorns his Pink Floyd 'poem' in class, being spurned by someone else's already preoccupied dad in a playground, later marrying the girl next door and losing her to a lusty CND-er, ending up staring at Richard Todd in *The Dam Busters* on telly, tearing the hotel room to shreds as a nice little groupie tries to cheer him up, bloodily shaving off all his body hair and being carted off to a clinic. As subsequent hallucinations offer him leading a scary kind of rock Nuremberg rally to a packed house of skinheads, then submitting to a psychedelic

cartoon Trial led by an epicene, flouncing Judge where emblems from his past rise to confront him, the Wall finally breaks, symbolising maybe hope among the rubble, an emergence from the prison of the ego, an escape from the awful demands of being filthy rich and famous. From where I sat, seething, it registered as a load of resoundingly dropped bricks.

One has only hinted at the constantly shifting visual surface of the film (and can say little about its verbal message since most of the lyrics are indecipherable, and they carry 99% of the words). Scarfe's March of the Hammers may owe a memory to the Disney 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' sequence but it stuns, as do fleeting transmutations of doves into eagles into baleful monsters, a Union Jack into a bloody cross, the love-play of flowers into a swollen battle won by the female principle. But often Alan Parker's staged occasions are simply echoed by the animations, as in the notorious 'We Don't Want No Education' number, where robotic kids dropping head first into a giant mincer from which your real meat-threads issue are later to become drawn figures dropped down a school chimney-cum-funnel with similar stylised results. There is a tedious literalness here that won't bear repetition. And, far, far worse, there is the egregiously mindless assumption *passim* that one kind of violence, pain, suffering is qualitatively very like another; that there is therefore no kind of spiritual coarseness in equating the self-pity of a burnt-out hophead with the anguish of bodies on a battlefield.

Clint Eastwood's **Firefox** is another crass tribute to star appeal, in which Vietnam-traumatised Mitchell (Eastwood) is despatched to the USSR to steal a super-speedy new plane. The dialogue is so computerised — 'So long, cap'n. Thanks', 'Get outta here, you bum' — that the last-minute saving adjuration, 'Think in Russian', might profitably have been addressed to its credited writers. Think in something at least. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2728

Set by P. Kay

The intruder in the Queen's bedroom: who might it have been, and what was he or she doing there? Extracts, please, from their conversation. Max. 100 words, by 30 July.

No 2725

Set by P. Smith

The acronymous explanations of contemporary plays and films.

Report

By Ms de Meaner

Raps on the knuckles for the many authors of *Just A White Shark*. Must try harder. Next in popularity, if rather less predictable in outcome, were *Cats*, *Kes*, *Reds* and *Evita*. Those who stirred themselves to tackle more daunting titles did reap, by and large, the rewards of greater scope. A quid a throw for those below. Since it tires the writing hands of the Complex accounts dept. to churn out so many cheques, small prizes will come in the form of book tokens in future.

This Has Everything: Syrupy Outbursts, Uplifting Nannies, Dancing Over Flowery Mountains, Unctuous Songs Involving Children.

N. J. Warburton

Marriage, After Kinsey, Is Nullifiable. Gay Libido Offers Valid Excuse.

Peter Morris

Heroic Exhibitionist Nettles Royal Youth In Vain; Perishes Through Incaution.

T. A. Dyer

This Hilarious Everlasting 'Mystery' Offering Unbelievably Sets Every Theatrical Record Although Pathetic.

Endless Vivacity In The Argentine.

Jim Anthony

A Nauseating Nymphet Ineffably Embalmed.

Frenetically Ambitious Mini-talents Effervesce.

Chutzpahish Harold Abrahams Runs In Olympics To Succeed! Oh Fie! Failure Is Really English.

Martin Fagg

Space, Time And Relativity With A Ridiculous Script.

John Sweetman

Mystified American Resists Awful Torture; Horrible Old Nazi Miscalculates Adversary's Nous.

Frank Anderson

Amiable, Lovelorn, Little, Yiddish, Oversexed, Undernourished, Violently Excitable, Eccentric, Virtually Ecstatic, Randy Weakling And Neurotic Treats Essentially Dirty Tales Of Kinky Nemesis Off-handedly; Woody Allen Busily Offers Us These Seven Extracts (X-rated), Burlesquing Unmentionable Tendencies, Witty Epigrams Reviving Every Audience, Firmly Resisting Artless Innuendo, Demonstrating The Ordinary, Average Soul's Kookiness.

Bill Greenwell

Three Revolutionaries (All Virtuosi) Entangled. Some Trousers Involved. Extremely Stoppar-dian.

Cliches Harvest Awards! Runners In Old-Time Shorts. Oxford Flummery. Flabby Idealism. Rotten Ending.

George Simmers

Lampoon Incorporating Fun Elements Of Fantastical Bethlehem Religion Initiated At Nazareth.

Cynthia Hall

'Jolly Entertaining!' - Sun. 'Unquestionably Serious' - Catholic Herald. 'Relevant, Incisive' - Sunday Times. 'Some Unforgettable Performances' - Express. 'Rebarbative!' - Star. 'Timeless' - Aldershot Reporter.

Peter Norman

Randy Egotist's Debonair Socialism.

Jamie Richardson

Anguished Mozart's Accelerated Death Engineered Under Salieri.

Stanley J. Sharpless

Several Thespians Exhibiting Artistic Meanings In Naked Groups.

Unending Nuances (Chekhovian) Leave Everyone Very Artistically Nourished Yet Apathetic.

Nicholas Murray

Equine Quirk Unhinges Unhappy Screwball.

T. Griffiths

New Statesman 16 July 1982

SWALLOW IT WHOLE



Hannah Wright on the track of veal Milanese

ONCE UPON A time a lift stuck between floors in a Chicago hospital. In it were two doctors, one from the gynaecology department, one from paediatrics. During their enforced tête-a-tête, they discovered that the worrying outbreak of vaginal cancer in small girls was directly related to their mothers having been prescribed the hormone-like drug, diethylstilboestrol (DES), during pregnancy. If cause and effect are discovered only accidentally by workers in closely related fields in the same hospital, it is no wonder that communication between doctors and vets is nearly non-existent.

After DES was banned from direct human use as being 'causally associated with cancer in both men and laboratory animals', it still continued in use (along with its brother, hexestrol) as a cheap and effective growth promoter, to put flesh on beef cattle, veal calves, pigs and poultry sold as capons. In 1979 a report came from Milan that breast enlargement had been found in about 900 six to ten year old boys and over 200 six to seven year old girls. All had been eating veal treated with DES from the same source. The United States banned the use of DES in livestock production in the same year. It was also banned in France. Some natural and synthetic growth hormones are still permitted, but are considered more expensive and less effective than DES. A black market in the banned anabolic steroids has been the inevitable result.

Meanwhile, back in the old U.K., both DES and hexestrol were still in use as prescription-only medicines from the vet. The drugs were withdrawn from the animal feed, or the implanted drug pellet exhausted, a stipulated number of days before slaughter, or before milking for sale. The theory was that if this was done, no harmful residues were likely in the meat or milk. There is still a school of thought, which includes the World Health Organisation, that argues that such controlled use is safer than total banning and a consequent black market.

Puerto Rico, subject to the same federal laws as the United States, has also banned the use of DES since 1979, but on 5 June this year two letters were published in *The Lancet*. One was from Dr. A. Pérez Comes of the Department of Paediatrics, Ponce School of Medicine in Puerto Rico. It said that premature sexual development had become a serious public health problem in Puerto Rico.

272 children under 8 years old from the western part of the island had been seen by his department. 81% of the children with

premature breast development and 90% of those with premature puberty were found to have increased oestrogen levels. (DES promotes the production of oestrogen.) Bone age was also increased in 48 patients with precocious puberty. (Growth hormones not only promote growth but speed up aging.) 6 out of 10 patients examined also had ovarian cysts. All these symptoms were found most frequently in girls of two age groups - 6 to 18 months and 4 years old. There was an increase in numbers of cases between 1978 and 1980.

On the telephone Dr. Pérez said that samples of meat, milk and poultry had been sent to the U.S. for analysis by the Puerto Rican Ministry of Health to determine whether the increased oestrogen levels could be traced to an animal source but no results had so far emerged.

IN DR. PEREZ'S letter the supposed cause of this alarming epidemic is food, but the point is not stressed. The second letter was from two women doctors in Puerto Rico who do not mince matters. They say that both DES and zeranol (another growth hormone) are sold freely without prescription. They go on to say that 375 patients in their practice are suffering from premature breast development. 61 of these patients, aged from 8 months to 6 years, also have ovarian cysts.

Dr. M. Crandell of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Veterinary Medicine in Washington DC was absolutely on the ball when I spoke to him. Yes, he had that report right in front of him, and as soon as it appeared, a field team had been sent out trying to buy DES in Puerto Rico. Zeranol, a 'safe' synthetic hormone was, he agreed, on open sale in Puerto Rico. The team had failed to find any DES on sale.

Dr. Carmen de Rodriguez, one of the authors of the second letter, told a different story. She had hired a detective to ask for DES in agricultural stores. He had found it freely available. She said that DES was not only widely used by farmers, but that the 60 to 90 day safety period before slaughter was completely ignored. Dr. Hernandez, the Assistant Secretary for Environmental Health in Puerto Rico, who is directly responsible, has been out or unavailable on every occasion we have telephoned.

As a result of the veal discovered in Milan, the EEC issued a directive against the sale of DES and hexestrol. These directives became law in Britain in April and May of this year, while similar regulations against the use of caponising pellets came into force on 1 July. So we at least are about to find out whether total banning is more dangerous than controlled use. In practice, though, many vets give block prescriptions for up to a year at a time, so many farmers are still holding large stocks of the banned drugs.

But when I asked a consultant endocrinologist at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children about the reports from Puerto Rico in *The Lancet*, he could think of no endocrinologist who was doing research related to the use of growth hormones in livestock and their effects on humans. Broken-down lifts may be our only hope. □

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Personal

ACADEMIC/WRITER, 31, seeks literate, enthusiastic, stable, amusing, first-edition female. Box 4371.

AIMEZ-VOUS PARIS? Ardent francophile (f., 50s), seeks ideas/partnership, Anglo-French business. Box 4385.

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FORLORN FATHER (fifty, fit and fancy-free), fledglings flown, fishing for fair, forthright, fastidious femme fatale; favouring fruitful federation, Fulham. Box 4317.

HEDONIST, late 30s, needs female companion, for dining, winning, theatre, travelling and having fun. Box 4367.

INTRODUCTIONS! Nice Lists! S.a.e. Correspond Club, 44 Earls Court Road, London W8 6EJ.

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MALE UNIVERSITY teacher, would like to meet articulate, intelligent, attractive girl, mid/late 30s, London area, interested in music, theatre, travel and sport. Box 4368.

MAN, YOUTHFUL 44, cottage, private income, last throw for happiness, expect now gay, music lover all kinds, vegetarian, object: Lifelong friendship, young man or woman, and return to Malaya. The two of us will find the real thing. Only sincere letters please. Box 4366.

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See the lineage ad in this column

THE ASSN FOR BODY MIND THERAPY/Training (Director: G. Seaborn Jones, Ph.D.) offers: 3-week intensives; Diploma Training Group; weekly indiv. or group sessions; RECIPORT (Reciprocal Support) Training Weekends; 1-day DanSing Workshops; free interview and advice; 8 Princes Ave, N10 3LR. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

WOMAN, 42, having lesbian proclivities, requires m/f penfriend. Write: P.O. Box 1435, Auckland, New Zealand.

YORKSHIREMAN, slim, 5ft 7in, young 49, divorced, non-smoker, was clever once, wishes to delight in slender/petite female, 30s/40s, with sense of fun. Box 4323.

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Goethe and Revolution

A Persian Tale

Forthcoming: *Iron Britannia: Thatcherism Goes to War* - a special issue of NLR by Anthony Barnett

Single copies £1.90 or \$4. Annual subscription (six issues) £9 (inland) or £11 or \$20 (overseas), from: Dept. NS, New Left Review, 7 Carlisle St, London W1V 6NL.

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FRI 16 JULY

LONDON SW5. New Variety - Brixton, Ellerbeck & Sharp, Dave Rappaport, The Joeys, Oxy and the Morons. 8.30pm. Old White Horse Pub, 261 Brixton Road. Details 01-487 3440/274 5537.

BATH. Music, Dance & Drama Festival, Royal Bath & West Showground, (16-18 July).

LONDON M4. 'The Church and the World' - debate: 'The church should keep out of Public Affairs and stick to its spiritual business'. 8.15pm St. Mark's Church, Tooting Park, N4.

BRADFORD. Annual Conference of the Conference of Socialist Economists (CSE) 'Socialist Action for the '90s' Bradford University, 16-18 July.

16-24 July, LONDON WC1. Mime at the Bloomsbury Theatre. Intricate Mime Co., Trickster Theatre Co. Box office Tel. 01-387 9628.

SAT 17 JULY

SOUTHALL. 'Kabbadi Tournament' - Kabbadi is a powerful Punjabi team game which has huge community support. Two day event org. by CAA UK and Indian Workers Association and Scope Southall with teams from all over Britain. Details: CAA UK 01-794 3885.

LONDON W8. Annual General National Conference of the Black Media Workers Association, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street: Details B.M.W.A. 01-602 7694.

LONDON W3. 'Punjabi Gala Night', Acton Town Hall, Acton High Street. Details: 01-794 3885.

CROYDON. 'Riders of the Sea' by Theatre of Thelma, don't miss this underwater extravaganza for 7-12 year olds. 11am. 01-680 4060, Croydon Warehouse Theatre, 62, Dingwall Road.

LONDON NW1. 'Interested in going to China', talks, slideshows at St. Pancras Church House, Lancing St. 10.30-4.30, £2, £1 (members). 01-267 9841.

NORTH LONDON. Self Help and Mutual Support Workshop for people with Cancer, 11am-6.30pm, Details: 01-278 6783.

LEEDS. 'Worker Co-operatives and the Labour Movement' meeting 17-19 July, Beechwood College, Elmeste Lane, Roundhay, Leeds. Details Will Pollard, 12 Fleet Road, NW3 2QS. 01-267 6608.

LONDON SE17. Open Day at Labour Party H.Q. 10.30am-3.30pm. See round. Talk to staff and NEC members. Films, displays, activities. Party card-holders only. 01-703 0833.

LONDON E6. Celebration/fundraising. 3rd Anniversary of Sandinista Revolution in Nicaragua. Live music. 7pm, York Hall, Bethnal Green. £2.50/£1.50 uw.

LEEDS 2. Workers Against Racism - Dayschool. 10.30am-6pm. Swathmore Centre, Woodhouse Square. Tel. 01-274 3951.

COVENTRY. Workers Against Racism - Dayschool. 10am-5pm. The Queen, Primrose Hill St. Tel. 01-274 3951.

COVENTRY. W.A.R. Social. Babylon Rebels. 8pm-late. Stanton-Social Club, 243 Stoney Stanton Rd.

LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

16-24 July

SEND
DETAILS to:
NS FREE LISTINGS
at least 7 days in advance

SUN 18 JULY

LONDON WC1. 'The Discovery of the Criminal: The Early History of the Modern Prison', with Phillip Rawlings, 11am, Library, Conway Hall, org. by South Place Ethical Society.

LONDON WC2. '1984 is just around the corner', a gala night of entertainment - a benefit for the NCCL. Full details from Linda Gage 01-701 7417 and Flicky Ridel 01-267 2560.

LONDON N22. 'New Variety - Wood Green' with Ellerbeck and Sharp, Dave Rappaport, Mountbatten Plimsoll, Felix and the Cats, 8pm, Trade Union and Community Centre, 2A Brabant Road. Details: 01-437 3440/881 1196.

TOLPUDDLE RALLY - coach leaving 177 Lavender Hill, SW11, 8.30am. Adults £5. Children/unwaged £1.50. Details: Sue Ward, 19 Badminton Road, SW12. Tickets 01-673 6129/01-636 4030.

LONDON WC2. '1984 Is Just Around The Corner' NCCL Benefit concert. 7.30pm. Duke of York's Theatre, St. Martin's Lane. Box office 01-379 6002. Featuring Glenda Jackson, Lynn Seymour, Chris Langham, Hazel O'Connor, etc.

CROYDON. Benefit evening at the Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd. Tel 01-680 4060.

18-23 JULY, London SW17. International School Students Peace Studies Week, Furzedown College, 12 Fleet Road. For students aged 14+ and any interested adults. Details from: Pimlico School, Lupus St., London SW1V 3AT. 01-828 0881.

MON 19 JULY

LONDON N6. Public meeting on unemployment - "Unwaged! Unwanted!" 8pm, Rokeby School Hall, Rokeby Ave., Hornsey. Speakers: Rachel Lever, Scott Reeve, Reg Race M.P. Org. Hornsey LPS.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

WED 21 JULY

LONDON SW1. Geoffrey Goodwin on 'Diplomacy and Disarmament'. 6.15pm, St. James Church, Piccadilly, W1. Details: 01-734 0956.

SAT 24 JULY

CROYDON. 'Aaargh, No its 'orrible!' by Covent Garden Community Theatre. Fun and Laughter for the over 7s. 11am, Croydon Warehouse Theatre 62 Dingwall Road. Tel. 01-680 4060.

NOTTINGHAM. National Conference of Labour Campaign for Gay Rights. 11am-5.30pm. Queens Walk Community Centre, Meadows. Tel. 0602-780124.

LONDON. Thames. Sail down Thames. Steel band, disco, food, bar. 9pm-1am. Westminster Pier, Embankment, E5. Tel. 01-274 3951.

LONDON SE1. Cuban Celebration. Music, food, drink. Rene Castro, Ken Livingstone. £1 (50p uw). 01-997 5275.

FORTHCOMING

26-30 JULY BARLSTON. 'Then and Now' - the 1930s and the 1980s. 'WEA' course making a comparison of the 2 decades using recorded recollections of the 1930s. Wedgewood Memorial College, Staffs. Tel. Barlston 2105.

30 JULY-1 AUGUST, NOTTINGHAM. SHELTER's National Conference. 'A Future for Rented Housing', at University of Nottingham. Details from Kate Hewlett, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1. Tel: 01-633 9377 ext 37.

25 JULY, LONDON SW9. Film Benefit for W.A.R. at Ritzy Cinema, Brixton Oval. 12.30pm. Harlan County. Malcolm X. £1 (50p uw). Tel. 01-274 3951.

25 JULY, CROYDON. Alternative cabaret - Jim Barclay, Mime - Gabi & Chloe. Music - Christopher and Helene, Spynal Chordz. At Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd. 01-680 4060.

25 JULY, LONDON W8. India In Britain Gala Night. Indian Artists and performers in Britain. 7.30pm, Holland Park Open Air Theatre. Tel. 01-794 3885.

27 JULY-12 SEP., BIRMINGHAM. Exhibition - Indian Embroidery from Gujarat and Rajasthan. Demonstrations and lecture. Museum & Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square. Tel. 021-235 2834. Free.

31 JULY, MANCHESTER. Workers Against Racism - Dayschool. 4.30pm. Longsight Library, Stockport Rd., Longsight. Tel. 01-274 3951.

1 AUGUST, CROYDON. Masked Orchestra, Tollygunge, Ian Puleston Davies at Warehouse, 62 Dingwall Rd. £1.50 (£1 uw). Tel. 01-680 4060.

2 AUGUST, LONDON W1. 'Boxing in 19th Century.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm, Upstairs at Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.

4-11 AUGUST, BERLIN. Second Assembly of The Fourth World (For Small Nations, Small Communities and The Human Spirit). Numerous forums. S.a.e. to: 24 Abercorn Place, London, NW8.

6 AUGUST, GREENOCK. Hiroshima Day Vigil on Lyle Hill overlooking Holy Loch. Tel. 0475-22230.

7 AUGUST, GREENOCK. Peace March & Rally. From Wellpark to Battery Park. 11am. Tel. 0475 22230.

11 AUGUST to 17 SEP., BIRMINGHAM. Exhibition - RODIN and his Contemporaries. Includes 'The Thinker'. Museum & Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square. Tel. 021-235 2834. Free.

26-27 AUGUST, EDINBURGH. Radio Meeting Challenges: 3rd Annual Edinburgh International Radio Festival. Contact Jamie Jauncey on 0672 810034 or 01-439 9756.

28 AUGUST, PORTSMOUTH. Radio Victory Free Folk and Cædigh in the Guildhall Square. Features Maddy Prior. Tel. 0705-634104.

4-8 SEPTEMBER, LONDON TO BRIGHTON - Workers March Against Racism from Brick Lane to TUC Conference in Brighton. Details 01-274 3951. W.A.R.

6 SEPTEMBER, LONDON W1. 'Ladies and Nurses in the Crimean War.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm. Upstairs at the Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.

25 SEPTEMBER, MANCHESTER. 'Foreign Policy Implications of British Nuclear Disarmament.' Dayschool at Withington Adult Education Centre, Maudslough Rd., M14. 10am-4pm. Details: 59 Tintern Ave., Manchester M20 8ND.

EVENTS FROM OUTSIDE LONDON STAND A VERY GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING IN. SO SEND IN YOUR LISTING NOW. IF IT GETS TO US BY FRIDAY IT SHOULD APPEAR NEXT FRIDAY.

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ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'All's Well That Ends Well' 16, 17 July (mat and eve). 'The Winter's Tale' (previews) 21, 22 July. THE PIT - 'Money' by Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 16, 17 July (mat and eve). 'The Twin Rivals' by George Farquhar 20-22 July. PICCADILLY, 01-437 4506. RSC in Willy Russell's 'hilarious' 'Educating Rita'. ALDWYCH, 01-836 8404. 'Good' by C. P. Taylor.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Danton's Death'. 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'On the Razzle', last perf. 'The Second Mrs Tanqueray'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera', 'The Prince of Homburg'. See daily press for dates and times, or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc - Credit cards
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Ballet

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Meetings

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 01-930 3647. IN CONVERSATION: Artist LEON GOLUB (ICA Gallery, to 22 August) discusses his work with critic Peter Fuller. Tuesday, 20 August at 1 p.m. IT'S CONSEQUENCES: A series of seminars on Information Technology. 22 July at 7.30 p.m. WORK AND/OR LEISURE. Events tickets £1.25 bookable.

MAPAM MEETING on Peace after Lebanon, 18 July, 7.30 p.m. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6.

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for pamphlets, booklets, informal question/answer meeting. Sunday, 18 July, 8 p.m. 'Conversations on Occultism'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Conferences

LABOUR CAMPAIGN FOR Gay Rights National Conference. Saturday 24 July, 11 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Queen's Walk Community Centre, Meadows, Nottingham. For further details telephone (0602) 780124.

Publications

ARAB & JEW catalogue, over 3,000 o.p. titles. £1. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13. Tel: 01-876 7254.

MIDDLE EAST catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

'1982' MAGAZINE. Politics, opinion, literature, the arts. Features on disarmament, local government and parapsychology. Short stories by Alasdair Gray and Keith Seddon. 'Preview' issue out late June. Send 75p to Bowline Ltd., 168 King Street, London W6 0QU.

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GBS as novelist
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Details: Welwyn Garden 31887

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